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OLEDO MAN ON MONEY STRINGENCY

Charles W. Tanner Furnishes a Remedy Which Bankers Declare Has Merit.

t is a noteworthy fact that to Toledo ongs the credit of furnishing what s been accepted as the most correct alysis of the cause of the present ney stringency, now happily passing y, and that a remedy has also been nd. Prior to the statement of exmptroller Dawes and Secretary Corou that the cause of the trouble was e to the defects in the law relative to bank reserves, a Toledo man, arles W. Tanner, of the First Nal bank, had outlined to a number of nking and personal friends the real se of the stringency and suggested medy. Various financiers had sugted reasons for the difficulty and ile there was a consensus of opinion t the crisis came about through specion in Wall street, a clear statement why that speculation affected the rest the country has not been fully exined to the popular mind.

Mr. Tanner explains the defects of banking laws relative to the reserve, wing why the present system permits se of bank reserves in speculation New York City and how, in a stress the present, this legal reserve is not ilable for use and hence is not really serve at all.

o make the situation clear, Mr. Tan- explains something in detail certain s relative to the banking business. said in part:

Many have been the opinions given articles written as to the cause of present money panic, not a finan- panic. By finance, we mean cks, drafts, bills of exchange, notes, but by money we mean money, h, gold, silver, long green, if you se.

Everyone rendering an opinion has to ne degree been correct. But after all said, written, printed or sung, the cold remains that if we had been supd with money enough, there could have been an occasion for so many nions. I doubt if the ordinary deitor is aware of the fact that if every ings accounted were to be reduced to al money the supply of money would about one-third of the demand, and re would the business, or commercial ount come in?

Whatever may have been the cause the present crisis, and it seems to the general opinion that the New k speculation was the main one, the ation could be brought about at any ent when the savings public take a ion to take their money out of the k in which it has been deposited. By the way of rapid illustration, let start a bank today. We have a cap- which was formed by stockholders ositing their checks on other banks the city, the banks drawn on by a ft on New York, Chicago, Pittsburg, veland, Detroit, or any old place. e first day's deposits are $200,000, ming 10 per cent. of it in currency, l and silver, $20,000; the $180,000 is e checks, some on itself, other banks the city and all over the country. e, then, tomorrow our depositors t their money. Can they get their ey as they think out of the $20,- , or a little more currency, etc., that deposited. Have they a right to ect it? Ought they not be obliged ke as good as they give? And what nt the loans made?

If the people would act in an 'ordary way everything would work out right. We must go on buying, selling, exchanging, and giving and taking checks if we would be prosperous d happy. The check is our great- medium of exchange, and we ought throw more safeguards around it, that it would be as safe to take a eck as the actual cash.

Some will have it that our national nk law is all wrong. Some that it the worst ever. It may be so. But has served us through forty of the st prosperous years of our history. d can't be so bad after all, and re the sections of that law pertainto the reserve city scheme what should have been, we could have ndled the present crisis with ease. e supply is too far from the deand. It is forced by law, not inded, into speculation.

Here you have it."

Speaking of the "reserve system" as w in force, Mr. Tanner says: "Sec- n 5191 of the national bank act, mes as reserve cities Albany, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Chicago, Cleveland, Detroit, Louisville, Milwaukee, New Orleans, New York, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, St. Louis, San Francisco and Washington, and the national banks in these cities shall at all times have on hand in 'lawful money' of the United States an amount equal to 25 per cent of the aggregate amount of its deposits in all respects, and every other association shall at all times have on hand an amount equal to 15 per cent of its deposits in all respects. And section 5192 says that three-fifths of the reserve of 15 per cent required may consist of balances due to an association from associations approved by the comptroller of the currency. Section 5195 names New York city as a central reserve city and each association in any of the cities named in section 5191 may keep one-half of its 'lawful money' in reserve in New York city.

"Thus it is seen that New York city has, by the national bank act, been named as the financial center of the United States, and money, being directed so far, can go no farther, and hence it falls into speculative uses in New York city, and when a panic strikes that end of the line and depositors there withdraw money from the banks or any of the other reserve cities it can be readily appreciated that the reserve of lawful money belonging to the banks in cities other than those named is not available for use as intended.

"During the early part of the present crisis the banks in New York and the east wired or wrote to the banks west that they could not furnish currency, but would be glad to get all they could and prepay express charges, and in many cases paid a premium and by this act at the very outset of the trouble, in refusing to give any 'lawful money' that they were holding in reserve forced their trouble on the rest of the country at a time when we seemed to be most prosperous, and there seemed to be no excuse for a panic.

"These offensive sections of our national bank act ought to be repealed and one substituted that would make it necessary for the national banks to keep a legal reserve with the government subject to payment in currency or by draft when needed. The government could afford to pay interest at the rate of 2 per cent per annum on the deposits as long as they are kept up to the legal requirements, and when they fall below this could call on the banks for a deposit of municipal bonds or other safe securities on an approved basis to replenish, charging the banks a high rate of interest until the lawful money was returned. A depositor demanding his money should be obliged to take a draft, drawn by the bank on its legal reserve, should the bank be unable to furnish the currency."

Here are several other suggestions of Mr. Tanner:

1. All banks should be under governmental control.

2. Make it impossible for an individual or corporation to become greater than the government.

3. Restrict the payment of interest on deposits. It is not always safe to deposit savings with the highest bidder.

4. That there be a central bank in charge of the government, and to avoid a clique running it the government should hold half the stock and the rest of the stock be held by all the national banks of the country in proportion to their capital. The secretary of the treasury and the comptroller of the currency should represent the government and the national banks elect men to represent them, and thus always have experienced financiers in charge of affairs. In case of stress the government could furnish currency, using municipal bonds and other safe securities as collateral.

5. That some arrangement be made to keep receipts from customs and postal receipts in circulation instead of withdrawing them from business in a time like this.

6. Restrict savings banks to strictly savings bank business and other banks to commercial business exclusively.

CAP, THE FIRE DOG.

Cap had lived with the firemen ever e he could remember. He had been ught to the station when he was y a little puppy and every fireman ed him and declared that Cap was wisest dog that he had ever seen. e fireman had taught Cap to stand his back feet and say "Bow-wow!" enever he was hungry. Another fire- had taught him to scratch the r below the water faucet and bark enever he was thirsty. He could k on his back feet, drink from the hose and drag the hose about whenhe was told to do so.

he chief of the fire department said Cap could do more tricks" than dog he had ever seen, and the best of all he had learned to do without having been told how to do it. he firemen slept upstairs over the ion in long rows of white beds, and enever the fire bell rang in the ht the firemen would spring from- r beds, dress before you could say k Robinson," run to the four large es in the floor, and come sliding n the poles one after another; then would run to the horses, which the sound of the bell had found their es in front of the engine, the hose t the hook and ladder wagon and chief's cart, buckle on the harness, each fireman would spring into e ready to drive away to the fire. ap longed to slide down the poles as firemen did, but of course that was thing no dog could do. So if he pened to be upstairs, as he often when the fire bell rang in the day- he would run to the stairway, r the steps at the bottom, and ng to his place on the seat beside chief.

at night Cap stayed downstairs, ping near the telephone and fire and when the alarm sounded the men would hear Cap's loud "Bow-", almost as soon as they heard bell and no matter how quickly dressed they would always find in his place ahead of them.

He is the best fireman in the sta- the chief would sometimes say, is always dressed and ready for k." And the firemen would laugh pat Cap's head and say that if slept in their clothes as Cap did , too, would be ready and in their es in one minute. But Cap never slept after the bell rang and not of them was ever known to say, a minute," or I am too sleepy go. Even the horses would run to places the instant they heard the so Cap thought it his place to the same.

One night there was a great storm something happened to the teleand fire bells so that they could ring, and in the night time, when was dark and still, and all the firen and fire horses were sound asleep, use caught fire, and the policeman the street corner ran to the teleto call the firemen out.

he fire bell tried its best to ring, stead of a loud "Ding-a-ling," it say nothing more than "Bz-z." a fireman heard it.

even a fire horse moved.

z-z-z" said the bell again, and ently Cap opened his eyes and with "Bow-wow-wow!" sprang to his place in the chief's cart. The firemen rolled out of their beds and each one asked: "Did you hear that? Did the bell ring?" And the answer came: "No, it was only Cap barking; but he is certainly saying 'fire.' We had better dress and slide down and see about it."

"Bow-wow! bow-wow-wow!" barked Cap.

"Bz-z-z!" said the bell just as the fireman came sliding down the pole.

"Fire!" shouted the fireman. "Cap was right. Come on!" And in a moment there was a clattering of many hoofs as the fire horses dashed to their places, the jingling of harness as it dropped into place on the horses' backs, shouts of "Fire, keep out of the street!" from the policeman in front of the station, and "clang, clang, clang!" from the gongs on the engine, the hose cart, the hook and ladder wagon and the chief's cart as they dashed away down the street.

The fire was soon found and put out; and when the people who lived in the burning house came out to thank the firemen the chief patted Cap on the head and said: "Do not thank us. Thank Cap. He is the best fireman of us all." And Cap, who had never for one moment ceased his "Bow-wow-wow!" wagged his tail, and said, dog fashion, "I did the best I could but I am not a fireman, I am only Cap, the fire dog."—Kindergarten Review.

A QUEER ROCK.

Attached to one of the field parties of the geological survey during the past summer was a young college student who could draw a very nice watercolor sketch of the various strata of the earth right through to the center, but whose practical application of his book learning was more or less defective. One evening he came to the chief of the party in a state of high excitement.

"I have found a most remarkable stone," he declared, "something that will create a sensation. It is as round as a barrel and just that shape, and must have rolled for ages in the bed of some swift stream. It is unlike any rock in this vicinity so must have come a vast distance—probably in some mighty iceberg—but as there are mountains to the west, it may have come down in a glacier."

It was agreed that the entire party should inspect the find the first thing the following morning. Accordingly they followed the young man for a mile, and at last reached the mysterious stone, which was standing on end in a fence corner. About that time an old farmer came along and one of the scientists appealed to him.

"Do you know anything about this strange stone?" he asked.

"Stone!" the farmer said, a twinkle coming into his eyes. "Waal, yas. Fact is, that was a bar'l o' cement that was left here in the rain for two or three winters, and the bar'l staves has dropped off."—Harper's Weekly.

MISS PERSIMMON.

Miss Persimmon by de fence
One November day
Said she didn' see no sense
To nuffin' anyway.
It's very seldom that you strike
A disposition bad—
So criss-cross an' so puckery—like
Dat Miss Persimmon had.
Jack Fros', as he comes along,
Spied Miss Persimmon there,
A-puckerin' so sharp an' strong,
An' kissed her fair and square!
De autumn leaves done laugh so gay
Dey's tumblin' f'um de tree,
'Cause Miss Persimmon sence dat day
Is sweet as she kin be!
—Washington Star.

DANGER TO EYES.

An unsuspected and really serious danger of artificial lighting, especially of modern intense illuminants such as electric light and incandescent gas, has been discovered by Dr. Fritz Schanz and Dr. Carl Stockhausen, of Dresden. Dr. Stockhausen had been a victim to a bad attack of what is sometimes called among oculists "opthalmia electrica," through working with the arc light. This was due to ultra violet rays, in spite of his having worn spectacles, the glass of which is generally considered to be sufficiently opaque to ultra-violet rays to afford all the protection needed. This set the two scientists on investigating how far glass does absorb ultra-violet rays, and they found that radiations of wave-lengths from 300 to 400 ten millionths of a centimeter, which really do the mischief, come readily through ordinary lamp and snectacle glass.

Diffuse daylight is relatively poor in ultra-violet rays, which have been largely absorbed by the atmosphere; but high-temperature sources of illumination are rich in them. In the eye the lens itself serves as a protector, for under the impact of ultra-violet rays it fluoresces brightly and converts these rays into ordinary visible light; but this action seems to affect the lens itself, which ages rapidly and becomes dull at its center. To prevent ophthalmic inflammation and even deep-seated injury to the structures of the eye, lamp chimneys and globes should be made of a glass which will absorb the rays, and the investigators have found such a glass. Dr. Stockhausen finds that the eye is injured by looking at sources of light the brilliancy of which exceeds a certain limit. Candles, open oil lamps, flat-wick paraffin lamps, and the ordinary flat-flame gas burner fall below this limit. All other sources, including round-wick paraffin lamps, gas mantles and electric light of all kinds, come above it, and ought not to be used without the protection afforded by matt glass or indirect illumination.

A DONKEY DITHYRAMB.

Nowhere in all literature, sacred or profane, excepting, possibly, the inspired ejaculations of Sancho Panza, can be found an apostrophe to the donkey which will equal that delivered by the Hon. William Jennings Bryan in this city on Tuesday night. The occasion was one to bring forth the brightest and most brilliant exhalations of the intellect; the subject was one of irresistible sympathy and appeal; the audience was made up of faithful, ever-hopeful followers of the great party of which the donkey is the emblem, the badge and the reminder. It was midnight's witching hour. The time was ripe for enchantment, and the dream was born. "Methought I was enamored of an ass!"

Let us survey the world, from China to Peru, but with the eye of eloquence and enchantment. Let us see it as it is pictured by the magician. We perceive old things, truly, but in a new light—the light that never was on sea or land. We see the poor ass, the burden-bearer, snailing under his preposterous load—but what a glorified creature he is!

Normally, the donkey is an ass. He has no originality, no spirit. He cannot run like the horse, nor guard his master like the dog. Esop tells of the melancholy fate of the donkey that imitated the dog in fawning and leaping upon his master. But under the abnormal conditions conjured up by the enchanter, what a noble animal the ass becomes! How magnificent in action! How sublime in abnegation! How heroic and unselfish in patience and service! In the submergence of his mental operations, how like a human being; and in the avoidance of all assumption of intelligence, how like an ass!

Is it any wonder that the enchanted fairy queen fell in love with an ass? But Titania had not the eloquence of Bryan. She could not carry her audience with her. Who was the roguish Puck that anointed Bryan's eyelids? Was it that merry lob of spirits, Col. Watterson, who caused Col. Bryan to see in the donkey the object of his adoration?

Never mind; it is sufficient to know that the donkey has come into his own. He is on the pedestal to stay.—Washington Post.

AN AGENT REQUESTED.

Congressman Champ Clark was a passenger recently on a train for Kansas City when he was much amused by the soliloquy of an old chap who, it appeared, was proceeding to the city named on certain legal business. The journey was nearly completed when the elderly person bacome possessed of the notion that certain important papers had been left behind. After a hurried investigation of his bag he observed:

"If I left those papers behind I'm a fool!"

A little later he resumed his examination of the bag's contents. "I bet it'll turn out I'm a fool," he murmured sadly.

When another mile or two had been accomplished he rummaged through the bag once more, and as he turned over the last bundle repeated:

"It will sure turn out I'm a fool."

At this juncture a testy individual occupying the adjoining seat took a hand. Frowning upon the old chap who had so often offered to wager that he was a fool, the irritable person looked over the edge of his newspaper, and with sarcastic interest said:

"Would you oblige me sir, by laying a little money that same way for me."—Harper's Weekly.

LIPTON'S CHARITY.

Sir Thomas Lipton has committed many generous acts during his life about which he can never be induced to talk. He is fond, however, of telling of an incident which happened in his early days, concerning an astute mother who forced him to raise her son's wages because Sir Thomas had presented him with a brand new suit of clothes. Sir Thomas started business with one assistant, a boy of 14, who was willing and honest. One day the lad was overheard complaining that his clothes were so shabby he was unable to go to chapel. Mr. Lipton, as he then was, was making every sacrifice to enlarge his little shop, but he took a small amount from his carefully hoarded savings and bought the boy a suit of blue cloth. The next day the boy didn't come to work, and Mr. Lipton, meeting his mother in the street, asked her the reason. "Why, Mr. Lipton," she said curtsying, "Jimmy looks so respectable, thanks to you, sir, that I thought I would send him round the town today to see if he couldn't get a better job." Sir Thomas meekly took the hint and offered an increased salary, which was accepted on behalf of Jimmy by his mother.

LIKED STRAWBERRY JAM

The Lady Bountiful of the parish was going her rounds and called at a cottage occupied by a "model" peasant, wife had been an invalid for some years.

"And how is Mary today?" inquired the visitor.

"Just about the same, thankee kindly, mem," was the reply.

"Did she enjoy those little things I sent her yesterday?" asked the lady.

"The things come all right, mem, an' we be greatly obleeged; but, if I might make so bold, would ye not send her any more of that jelly? Some jam—strawberry jam—be much more sootable, mem."

"Why, doesn't she care for the jelly?" was the natural query.

"Yes, mem, she do; but I can't say as I does."—Judge's Library.

THE TINMAN

By TOM GALLON

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

My counsel did the best for me that he could; he threw himself, alike with me, upon the mercy of the court. I had refused to say anything; he confessed that he was utterly in the dark as to my motive. But he could plead my youth, and the fact that Gavin Hockley was a bigger and apparently a stronger man, with a reputation that was not too clean. Was it not possible that these two hot-headed men—the prisoner a mere boy—had got into some quarrel, and had attacked each other without thought; had not a weapon been found in the hand of the dead man? This could be no question of murder; there was nothing deliberate about it all.

I remember that the judge summed up dead against me. He disagreed with the suggestion that the act was not premeditated; there were the various attempts I had made to get the address of my victim; the determination I had shown; my threats to kill the man, if I could only stand face to face with him. The duty of the jury was clear; unless they had any reasonable doubt there was but one verdict they could return. It was all short and sharp and direct to the point; the jury went out of court, and remember that the little innocent-faced one looked back at me pityingly as he went. I almost called out to him not to mind.

It did not take them long to consider their verdict; I was hurried back into court within a few minutes. The usual formal questions were asked; and for a moment my heart beat a little quicker as I heard the verdict given. It was the one I had already given myself.

"Guilty!"

For a moment there was a sort of mild tumult in court; people whispering and justled about, and here and there a voice raised—either in protest or in condemnation of me; I do not know which. Then silence; and another figure on the bench, a little behind the judge, adjusting a black square of cloth upon his wig. I remember thinking, in an absurd way, that he had not put it on quite straight.

The judge had already lifted his hand impressively, and had spoken my name, when the voice of a woman rang out clearly in the gallery above me. It was as though some tender-hearted creature there could not bear that this thing should be done.

"Oh, God!—no—no—no!"

She was silenced at once, and the solemn voice that had begun to address me went on with what it had to say. It had been, it seemed, a revolting crime—born of a man's evil passions; it must meet the penalty set out in the law. The recommendation of the jury to mercy on account of my youth should be forwarded to a proper quarter; but the duty of the judge now was clear. I listened patiently until the last words came to me across the hushed court—

"And may God have mercy on your soul!"

I stood still for a moment, and looked about me over the sea of faces, all turned, without exception, in my direction. The little juryman was dabbing at his eyes, without any attempt at concealment, my guardian was watching me, with nervous fingers, plucking at his lips. Then it all faded, like a dream that was sended, and I went swiftly down out of the world.

CHAPTER VI.

I Leave the World.

Although in my uneasy slumbers I killed Gavin Huckley a hundred times at least—saw him lying at my feet, and realized clearly what I had done—I cannot say that such hauntings filled me with any horror in my waking moments. The thing had been done, and I had the savage certainty that it had been done well. Almost it seemed to me that I had gone before the woman I loved, and cleared the path for her—striking out of my way and hers the noxious thing that had menaced her. That was well done, and the path was clear; what else could matter?

It would be idle to suggest that I did not think about my fate. So many days in which to live, and with each morning one the less; so many times to look upon the faces of those who guarded me; so many meals to be got through; that was all. Then would come that last dreadful morning when they would wake me; when I would get, perhaps, a glimpse of the sunshine for which I longed, and would hear the passing bell; then—"to hang by the neck until you are dead."

In the time that was left me I traveled many, many miles. I seemed to see myself in a sort of perspective, narrowing down to the years that I could first remember, when I had been a child. I saw myself a happy boy at school; remembered the names of other happy boys, who would read of my fate, and shudder at what I had done; for I had been regarded as a gentle, amiable creature at school; I do not think I had ever even fought a boyish battle. They would talk about me—would say: "Why, I knew this chap at school!" and so would gain some temporary notoriety from the knowledge.

I remembered again a happy year or two in an old-fashioned German town; thought with tears of loyal brave friendships formed then—friendships that were never to be broken this side of the grave. How we had mapped out then all we were to do—this man a writer, and this other a painter, and this stronger one a soldier! And then I fell to wondering in what obscure place within the prison they would bury me—for my bones to be found afterwards—long, long afterwards; when perhaps they might recall how young I was, and how brutal my crime.

I think they were all sorry for me; I know that they were gentler with me than with other prisoners. Once or twice the man who had prepared my defense came to see me; it seemed that they were preparing a great petition, to save me, if posible, from the gallows. I protested against that; it was not what I wanted. No living death for me, herded with criminals for the rest of my days; let me walk out as bravely as I could and face the penalty. I protested strongly against the suggestion that I should be given any other fate than that I had earned. Nor would I in any way give them help for the framing of their petition; they had heard the evidence, and it was true—and what more did they want?

They plagued me to such an extent that at last I refused to see the man at all; but still I understood that the petition went on, and was being signed widely everywhere. I was so young—and, God help me!—so good-looking, they told me—that there was every reason for the hysterical outpourings of sympathy; had I been old and hardened, never a word would have been said.

The good chaplain I listened to—hearing the simple comforting words that I had heard many and many a time in the old days at school. It seemed strange that I should hear them now, in this place, where I was shut away until the time came for them to kill me! My life had been clean and wholesome—there was nothing very heavy that I had to carry before my God, save that slaying of a fellow-man. And it seemed more than possible that God would understand.

The long days dragged themselves out, until there were but three days left. I was in a mood to wish that they might hurry the business on; I had begun dreadfully to count the days, and then the hours; and there was a torture in that. I would have welcomed any man who came suddenly into my cell, and announced that then and there I must walk out to die; it was the knowledge that I must wait—must hear the clock in a distant church tower lopping off my life by inches, even in the still watches of the night; that was the terror of it. In mercy they might have stopped that clock—might have tried to cheat me a little as to the progress of the days; but that was all a part of my punishment.

And now I come to a strange thing that happened to me in that place of torture—a strange thing, sent for my comfort. You are to understand that two men watched me night and day, and their watches were relieved at regular intervals. I, who had so little to occupy my attention, came to watch for the changes, and for the new faces that greeted me when the time for changes came round. The men were good fellows, despite their occupation; I put it on record here that they were considerate and even courteous to me; I read a deep pity for me and my fate in the eyes of more than one of them.

It had come to that night when there were but three days left. I had eaten my meal and had got into my bed; I liked that time best, because of the stillness, and because I liked to feel, poor doomed mortal that I was, that all the great city slept quietly about me, with every man and woman in it each with their separate trouble and their separate grief. I lay a thing apart, condemned to die; and there was in my mind the curious feeling then that it was strange that the needs of the world were such that a fellow-man had been able to say that I should die, and that other fellowmen were appointed to watch me that I did not escape, and that yet another fellow-man had the dreadful task of killing me, just as I had killed Gavin Hockley.

Lying on my bed in my cell, I thought of all that, and watched the men who were seated silently near me. And then I fell asleep, quite peacefully; and in that sleep I dreamed a dream.

The end wall of my cell was down, and it seemed as though I looked out beyond it over green fields, on to a place I knew. It was just as though one sat in some strange theatre, and saw through where the wall had gone to some scene beyond. At either side of the stage of that theatre, as it were, sat the motionless warders; the auditorium was my cell. And then I thought that I got up from my bed, and passed straight between them, and out to the freedom of the woods and the fields; leaving them motionless, and even looking behind for a moment, and seeing the empty bed there in which I had so recently lain.

I think I knew then, unconsciously, that I must go back to that cell and that the vison would fade; I am certain that I thought that. But for the moment I was free; I had passed into some strange country, and yet a country I knew. Then, just as in the fairy tales, I seemed to turn a corner, and found myself suddenly in the wood in which I had met Barbara. And it was the most natural thing in the world that she should come towards me out of the wood, smiling, as I had seen her smile before.

It was only when I reached her, and held her hands, and looked into her eyes, that I realized in my dream that she knew what had happened; there were tears in the dear eyes I loved.

"You are sorry for me?" I said, holding her hands. We seemed to be quite alone in the wood, and the sun was shining, just as it had shone on that day I met her first.

"I don't know what to say to you," she replied. "Of course I understand everything about it, and why you did it; I need not ask you about that. It was done for my sake—but oh, the pity of it!"

I remember telling her in my dream that I was quite satisfied; I remember impressing upon her that I was not afraid. And then it seemed that we talked of other things, quite as though this death that menaced me had been brushed aside, and could not happen. And then the time came that we seemed to know with certainty that my freedom was done, she put her hands on my shoulders, and looked in my eyes, and spoke words that I remembered distinctly when I woke.

"I want you to understand that I am traveling night and day, and alone, to come to you, Charlie. I have been with my husband in a strange place abroad, where I have heard no news; the dreadful news of you only reached me an hour ago. I am stopping for nothing; my eyes see only one thing—the prison where you lie. I will reach you.

She kissed my lips; and with the kissing I woke, and looked about me. The warders still sat grim and motionless; one of them, as I stirred, turned and asked if I wanted anything. I thanked him and said I wanted nothing; and I closed my eyes and tried again to sleep. But sleep would not come to me, and I thought only of Barbara in the wood, and of what she had said—

"I will reach you—God willing—before they kill you!"

If she came now she must undo all that I had given my life to do; she must spoil my sacrifice. If she reached me before I died, I must begin the fight again, strenuously denying what I knew she would say. I began to tremble at the thought of that; almost I made up my mind that if she reached England in time I would not see her. And yet I repented of that; because I knew that if I refused to see her, she would tell her story to those most interested, and I should be powerless to stop her. I spent the rest of that long night lying awake there, staring at the ceiling of my cell, and wondering what I should do.

With the coming of the day I began to realize that I did not know how near she might be in that race with Death. At any moment she might be here, within my prison; and I might find myself face to face with her and her pleading. For I knew that if once I looked into her eyes, and held her hands, it was all up with me; I must speak the truth. More than that, in the dream I had had of her she had declared that she knew the truth already.

The night of that day came, and once again I found myself in my cell, gradually falling to sleep. And once again the end wall disappeared, and I passed out between the warders into the wood wherein I had met her. The vision was exactly the same as on the previous night; only now it seemed to me that she looked at me more anxiously, and that there was a strange wistfulness in her voice when she said the words: "I will reach you—God willing—before they kill you!"

Strangely enough, I had no thought of stopping her in my dream; I seemed only anxious to look into her eyes, and to hold her hands, and to snatch from that dear contact what comfort I could for the time yet left me on earth. Exactly as on the previous occasion the dream faded again and I was in my cell with the patient warders watching, and with the faint murmur of the waking city outside. And now I began to wonder if after all the dream had only been born of my own thoughts and desires—began to hope, even with a sense of dissappointment, that perhaps after all she was far away with her young husband, and would only know of my fate long afterwards.

The next night the same thing happened; save that on this occasion I wandered the wood forlornly enough, and could not find her. I remember that I seemed to walk about the sunlit place, calling her name, and hearing nothing; that I thought more than that I saw her disappearing in the distance, and ran on crying to her, and finding no one. When I awoke, for the first time since my sentence I found my pillow wet with tears.

One more day and night of life. And now I began violently to long for her; to feel the bitter injustice of dying here in this place without seeing her. With one moment I would pray earnestly that she might not arrive in time; in the next would be faint with longing to hold her hands and hear her voice. It is safe to say that I never lost sight of that girlish figure; I thought of nothing else. The voice of the good chaplain went by me like a thing unheard; if I listened at all, it was to hear him saying over and over again: "Barbara!"—"Barbara!"—"Barbara!"—over and over again as in a sort of chant.

It was growing late in the afternoon, and I was seated on the side of my bed, with my face buried in my hands, thinking. Even then I did not think of the near approach of death; I only longed insanely, now that my hour was coming, to live a little longer, that I might see her. I must have fallen into a sort of stupor; for I know it seemed to me the prison wall was down again, and that once again I had stepped out into the blessed sunlight of the free woods; when I felt a hand laid on my shoulder, and, looking up, saw one of the officials. He said something to me that I did not understand, and I got dazedly to my feet; looking past him, I saw Barbara, with her hands stretched out to me. And she was all in black.

At first I remember that I laughed, and looked stupidly from one to the other of the men about me. Then, at a sign from the man who had spoken, they fell back, and went to the further end of the cell. And I was quite suddenly in her arms.

The beautiful thing about it all was that she was so brave and so strong—braver and stronger than I was. I remember that she comforted me as she might have comforted a child—called me, again and again, her dear, dear boy; whispered again and again that they should not kill me. I was content just to hold her, and to listen to her voice; I thought of nothing else, save the hopelessness of it all; for I felt that I was wiser than she was, and that I knew the thing to be inevitable. I don't know what power she had exercised or in what strenuous fashion she had set to work to gain this last interview with me; I only remember with gratitude that they left us alone, and that we sat side by side on the low bed, and talked in whispers. We were both so young that perhaps they relaxed the rules a little, and felt that it did not matter.

"I was far away—abroad—and I had no news," she began.

"Yes, I know," I replied. "And you traveled night and day since then to reach me."

"How did you know that?" she demanded quickly. And then I told her of the dreams I had had, and how I had met her in the wood, and how I had known from her own lips that she was coming to me.

She looked at me strangely, passing one hand over her forehead, as though by that mechanical action to clear her mind. "That is very wonderful, Charlie," she said, when I told her the words she had used. "I said to myself, over and over again, while the slow trains crawled across the countries, and the slow ship ploughed across the sea—I said again and again those words to myself: 'I will reach you—God willing—before they kill you!' That is very wonderful."

"Nothing is wonderful with us," I replied, with a quick laugh that made the men turn and look at me curiously.

"When I heard what had happened, I scarcely knew at first what to do; and then I knew that I must come back—that I must see you, even if everything else proved hopeless. Lucas would have stopped me; he said it was no affair of mine, and that I must not—should not mix myself up in it. So I got away at night, and came straight to you; it was the least that I could do. Now you are to tell me everything that has happened—everything!"

"You will have heard already, Barbara dear, all that has happened—and why I killed him. It was a quarrel—a matter of money."

She looked at me with a world of understanding in her eyes. "That is what you have told every one; it is not what you can tell me, she said. "Think, dear"—she laid her hand on my arm, and her lips were quivering, although she spoke bravely enough—"you are to die tomorrow; by the love there is between us, you must not let me believe that you killed a man for such a thing as that. Unless you would kill my soul for ever."

"I can tell you nothing else," I replied as steadily as I could. "Perhaps I was not, after all, half so good as you in your love for me believed."

"You will at least not lie to me," she pleaded. "Tell me at least one thing: was there no talk about me between you?"

I did not answer, but my eyes must have done that for me; she went on, with a little quick note of triumph in her voice. "Ah—I begin to understand. He slandered me—said something of me that your love would not allow?"

"Barbara," I broke in hoarsely, "whatever has happened has been done by me of my own free will, and I must pay the penalty. As I hope to meet my God, and as I hope I may be understood then, I beg you will ask me nothing more. I pay with my life: don't take my victory from me."

"Then I was right," the exclaimed quickly. "I seemed to know it from the first. He met me in the wood that day, just as your guardian had done: he had met me before at my father's house. I was afraid of him, as I was afraid of no one else; I could read, as only a woman can read, what was stamped all over him. Oh—my dear—my dear"—she had sunk suddenly to her knees in that dreary place beside the bed on which I sat—"he was not worth it!"

"Let one thing be clear between us—and it is a dying man who speaks," I said, holding her face between my hands, and looking down into her eyes—"you must be silent. No word of this must ever pass your lips, for your own sake—for the sake of every one. The time is coming when you will remember me only as some one who lived, far back in the years, and who loved and worshiped you; and you will keep what is our secret."

"I can't do that; it would shame me forever," she whispered. "I must speak; I must make them understand."

"If you go out of this place, leaving with me a certainty that you will speak, you kill me doubly," I said earnestly. "Think what it means to me; nothing you can do or say now will save me; that is not in our hands. Let me die, believing that I helped you and saved you, and I die a happy man. Go out and spread your story, and tell the truth, and I die shamed in my own sight, leaving you shamed behind me. Because the lie I tried to kill will spring alive again, to be babbled by a hundred tongues."

"But if I do this—if I promise silence—is there nothing I can do—nothing I can say?" she whispered brokenly.

"There is nothing you can do," I replied solemnly. "Think of this: that in the years that are coming it may happen, in God's own good time, that some child you love may stand in need of a friend who will strike as I struck—fight as I fought—for her honor. It may happen, long after I am dead, and forgotten by all but you, that some such an one may spring up, to do again more perfectly what I did—springing from the dead ashes of my past to work out the pitiful story I began. Remember that—and don't stop me in what I try to do."

I did not know then the full meaning of what I said; all that was to come upon me later. I did not then understand how strangely prophetic my words were, nor how strangely that prophecy was to be fulfilled. For the moment I had succeeded in my purpose; she promised me solemnly that she would keep silence.

Of our farewell I will not speak: she whispered to me words too sacred to be written here. Then, as it seemed, the prison wall went down, and she faded out into the world; the prison wall came up again, and shut me in. But it shut in a stronger and a better man.

I had no further vision of her; my prison had shut me in permanently, and I dreamed of her no more, save in my waking thoughts. I did not sleep that night; I remember that I lay there quietly, with my hands clasped under my head, looking up at the ceiling, and thinking about her; seeing her going on through the long years to come, living her quiet life, and carrying me always in her secret remembrance. That was good; that was very good. Many a man has died with a less blessed thought than that in his mind at the end.

But I was not to die in that sense, after all. Quite early in the morning—that morning on which I had set my mind steadily as the one that meant the end for me—the governor came to my cell, and announced to me that I was reprieved. I was totally unprepared for it; at first I could not understand what he meant. But he told me that on account of my youth the death sentence had been commuted to penal servitude for life.

On account of my youth! I laughed aloud when he said that, because the irony of the thing was so great and so bitter. I was to be shut away for the rest of my natural life—in a living death worse than any I had anticipated. I remember that I prayed him almost wildly to disregard the order—to set it aside—to declare that it had arrived too late; and I know that he seemed surprised that I, so young, should long so ardently for death.

So I passed out of the cell from which I had thought to pass only on one last journey, and went away to the place where I was to serve my sentence. And the only thing that troubled me—the only thing about which I thought at all in that new change of events—was what Barbara would think or do when she knew. For myself I did not care; I had died before, at that moment when the wall of the prison had seemed to go down, and Barbara had gone out of my life.

CHAPTER I.

Mine Enemy.

So many steps the length of my cell—beginning with the heel planted against the wall under the high window, and finishing at the door; so many steps across—beginning with the heel planted against the wall opposite the bed, and finishing at night at the bed itself, or in the day, when the bed had been turned up against the wall, at the opposite wall. Beside the door the heavy sheet of ground glass that made another window, outside which a light burned at night for a certain time; before that ground glass a wooden slab, fixed firmly in the wall, for a table; a stool for seat. And on the table my bible. And that was my home for twenty years!

At first, when I realized what it meant; that I was to live there for all my life—that ambition, hope and all that made life worthy had been stripped away from me—I rebelled fiercely. If I had had any chance to kill myself I should have done it; because this was so different from anything I had planned, I saw the years stretching on before me—seemed to see the very stones of the place worn by my feet, and I growing old in captivity, with all the busy, eager world going on outside. Men and women living and loving, and laughing and weeping; little children being born; the seasons renewing themselves; and I at coarse toil, counting the days, and wondering when they would cease for me.

And yet in time, mercifully enough, I did not count the days. I knew when Sunday came around because there was a difference; one sat in the chapel attached to the prison, and heard a man speak, and the sound of singing and an organ; one looked about on the faces of other men, prisoners like oneself, and wondered about them. The same faces were seen in the exercise yard and in the shops during the week; but Sunday was a day to be looked forward to, as a break in the dread monotony of the week. I only counted Sundays after a time.

After a time, too, the fierce rebellion passed; I was getting used to things. One gets used to anything, they say, in this world; one's edges become blunted. In the course of years mine were blunted so much that I forgot almost how old I was—ceased to care, in fact. And I remember once that when they shifted me from one cell to another I was resentful, and pleaded to be put back

Passing of Counterfeits

How Remorseless Pursuit Has Driven Spurious Money Makers Out of Business.

The United States secret service bureau found just one "bogus" coin in circulation in Kansas City last month. No spurious bank notes of any importance have been discovered by the banks here for several years, indicating, as government officials declare, that counterfeiting is becoming a lost art. Most of the bad money that has been placed in circulation here has been the work of novices, and for this reason was not difficult to recognize. Some of the old-time counterfeiters in the east manufactured money that deceived the experts.

No extensive counterfeiting operations ever have been carried on in the vicinity of Kansas City. A few "private mints" have been found here, but they were very small. In May, 1898, two hunters found a counterfeiter's outfit in a cave near Dodson, south of Kansas City. It consisted of a set of crucibles, several bars of metal, powdered glass, plaster of paris and everything necessary to the making of bad money except the dies. It never was known who owned the apparatus. A complete outfit for making bogus half dollars, quarters and nickels and a pot full of money were found July 11, 1900, in a basement at 506 Gilliss street, and three Italians were arrested. Several children were playing in a cellar at 301 Gilliss street, in May, 1906, when they found apparatus for making money and 14 bad dollars. Some molds and metal for coining spurious money were found in a basement at 529 Locust street in July, 1901, and several persons arrested.

Other parts of Missouri have not been so free as Kansas City from bogus money makers. The reports in the secret service department show that Missouri was a hotbed of counterfeiters from the time of the civil war until recent years. For 35 years this state led in the number of secret service arrests for counterfeiting, with the exception of two years. Most of the arrests were in small towns where country boys were tempted to make bogus money by reading cheap literature that gave them the exalted idea they were sharper than the United States government.

The peculiarity of the Missouri counterfeiter was that he, as a general rule, made a very poor imitation of money. In this state few attempts have been made to manufacture bank notes. The Missouri counterfeiter generally confined himself to bogus silver dollars, half dollars, quarters, dimes and five-cent pieces.

Out of $4,394,000,000 of money of all kinds handled by the United

DO YOU GET UP WITH A LAME BACK?

Have You Rheumatism, Kidney, Liver or Bladder Trouble?

To Prove what Swamp-Root, the Great Kidney, Liver and Bladder Remedy, will do for YOU all our Readers May Have a Sample Bottle Sent Free by Mail.

Pain or dull ache in the back is evidence of kidney trouble. It is nature's timely warning to show you that the track of health is not clear.

Danger Signals.

If these danger signals are unheeded more serious results follow; Bright's disease, which is the worst form of kidney trouble, may steal upon you.

The mild and immediate effect of Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy is soon realized. It stands the highest for its remarkable cures in the most distressing cases. If you need a medicine, you should have the best.

Lame Back.

Lame back is only one of many symptoms of kidney trouble. Other symptoms showing that you need Swamp-Root are, being obliged to pass water often during the day and to get up many times during the night.

Catarrh of the Bladder.

Inability to hold urine, smarting in passing, uric acid, headache, dizziness, indigestion, sleeplessness, nervousness, sometimes the heart acts badly, rheumatism, bloating, lack of ambition, may be loss of flesh, sallow complexion.

Prevalency of Kidney Disease.

Most people do not realize the alarming increase and remarkable prevalency of kidney disease. While kidney disorders are the most common diseases that prevail, they are almost the least recognized by patient and physicians, **who content themselves with doctoring the effects,** while the **original disease** undermines the system.

A Trial Will Convince Anyone.

In taking Swamp-Root you afford natural help to Nature, for Swamp-Root is the most perfect healer and gentle aid to the kidneys that has yet been discovered.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one-dollar size bottles at all the drug stores. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., which you will find on every bottle.

SAMPLE BOTTLE FREE—To prove the wonderful merits of Swamp-Root you may have a sample bottle and a book of valuable information, both sent absolutely free by mail. The book contains many of the thousands of letters received from men and women who found Swamp-Root to be just the remedy they needed. The value of Swamp-Root is so well known that our readers are advised to send for a sample bottle. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., be sure to say you read this generous offer in the Toledo Weekly Blade. The genuineness of this offer is guaranteed.

again; I knew the stones of the other, and had grown to like them; this was new to me. It was like turning a man out of his home, and I was bitter about it.

My fear at first had been that I might lose what refinement I had; I strove passionately to remember what I had been—to be always something better than those with whom I was herded. I believe I was a model prisoner; I read all that I could from the prison library, and I wrote when they would let me. After a time I began to write of that first part of my life—the free part; I was afraid that in the dull course of the years I might forget. Although at first the remembrance of what I had done were strongly with me, in time it all narrowed down to the figure of Barbara, and rested there; nor would my recollection turn to anything else. And during all those twenty years, wherein time did not stand still with me, she never changed; in my remembrance she was always the bright, pretty girl of eighteen years of age whom I had loved so long before. It was as though she had died, and I had remembered what she was at the last. And it is safe to say that she was always with me.

Not that the wall of my prison ever went down, as it had done once when I lay condemned to death; that vision never came to me again. But in the night I dreamed of her—a mad, impossible dream—that she waited somewhere near at hand—always young and beautiful, and always loving me—waited until such time as I should, by a miracle, get out into the world again; but no other figure out of the past came to me—at least, not after my first remembrance of the world had worn off.

In time, as the years went on, it seemed as though, as I grew older, a sort of mental mist descended over all that life I had led before my trial—so that things were blurred, and I did not see them distinctly. Mercifully, too, I grew to take an interest in the work I did inside the prison walls; to be keen and anxious to do it well, and to do it better than my fellows. The prison life had worn and broken me, and I know that I was prematurely old, and a little feeble and fretful compared with what I should have been. And I was shocked one day, when in the tinsmith's shop, I got a brief vision of myself in a shining sheet of tin; I was old and haggard, and the little hair I had was quite gray. It frightened me; and I know that I lay awake that night, thinking bitterly of the years that had been stolen from me, and trying to remember how old I was.

Then the time came, quite unexpectedly, when I was set free. I cannot now write of that time, or think of it, without remembering how frightened I was, and how strange the sensation of freedom seemed to me. I had noticed that something was different—had feared that something was going to happen—because they had not cropped my hair for a little time, and would give me no explanation; and then at last one morning—one bitter winter morning, when I flogged myself with my arms to keep myself warm—I was sent for to the governor's room.

I had been there once or twice before, because the governor took an interest in me, and had tried to get me to talk. I would never do that, and I fear that he had thought that I was sullen and morose. He had asked me about my life before I had come to prison; had tried even to consult my wishes as to what kind of work I should do; he had been uniformly kind and considerate. Now, as I went along to his room, I wondered petulantly what new thing this was that he wished to say to me. I did not like the room; it was a dreadful place to me, hung about with brightly polished steel chains and fetters, and with only a little table in the middle, at which he sat while any poor prisoner talked to him. I was left alone with him there and he looked at me for a moment or two in silence. He had been a soldier, I think; he was a fine-looking old fellow, with a trim mustache and deep-set gray eyes.

"I have some news for you," he said in his abrupt fashion, "and I want you to prepare yourself for it. You are not strong, and I do not want to give you a shock of any sort."

I thanked him and wondered dully what he meant.

"If you could have at the present moment, anything for which you liked to ask, what would you choose?" he asked me.

I shook my head stupidly, and said that I did not know; corrected myself in a moment, and asked, wistfully enough and almost with tears in my eyes, that I might have the making of some particular sort of pan in the tinsmith's shop; I had fancied it greatly, but they had given it to another man. He seemed touched by that, and laughed and shook his head; I had never heard him laugh before.

"An order has come to me from the Home Office in regard to you," he said. "Can you guess what it is?"—I shook my head; I did not understand that anything could happen to me—"An order for your release."

I did not understand, and I suppose I stood staring at him as stupidly as before. For I had been condemned for life; what could this mean now? More than that, I had become settled in the place, and the idea that I should never leave it had sunk gradually into my mind, and had nailed me, as it were, to that spot, so that it would be difficult to tear me from it. I murmured that I did not understand.

"I have sent reports concerning you again and again to the Home Office," went on the governor; "I have been able to point out that you have been an exemplary prisoner; I have urged that fact upon them again and again. Do you know, Avaline, how long you've been here?"

I shook my head; I think I sighed a little. "I think I've forgotten, sir," I said. "So many winters—so many times when the sun shone, and I knew the summer had come again—but I have lost count of the years."

"You were here before my time," he said; and then added in what seemed to be a hushed voice: "You have been here for twenty years."

I said again that I had not kept count; I think I added a little wearily that it did not matter. His kindly voice went on—

"You were a boy when you came—twenty years of age. You must be forty now—still a young man. You have many years before you—years of freedom, in which you may live a new life." He spoke kindly and encouragingly, but the glance he gave me showed me that he knew I was an old and broken man, despite my years.

"It is too late for me to begin anything, sir," I said. "What life I had lies back behind the twenty years; I cannot take up any broken threads of it now. I did not expect ever to take up any free life again." I was moving towards the door, beyond which the warder awaited me, when I came back to him, on a sudden impulse that I would plead with him. "If I might stay here—and go on with what work I have learned to do—I should be happier," I said. "If I wish to stay, you will not turn me out? God help me—this is my home."

He got up hurriedly from the table, and turned away for a moment, and cleared his throat. "It doesn't rest with me," he said abruptly at last; "I, like you, can only obey orders. Clothes will be provided you, and a sum of money given you which you have earned; also you will get an order on the railway company which will take you to London. And I hope you'll do well."

I went to the door, turning back for a moment to thank him for what he had done, and to assure him again, something to his bewilderment, that I would have been glad to stop. For I was afraid of the great world outside, and I was too old and broken to begin again. I remember that I thought, bitterly enough, as I had thought before, that it would have been so much better if they had killed me at the first.

It was a wintry morning when I stepped out through the great gates of the prison—a free man. They had all been very kind to me; most of the wardens whom I knew well had shaken hands with me, and had given me little common keepsakes by which to remember them; I had been infinitely touched by the fact that one and all spoke to me as "sir." I went with reluctant feet; strange as it may seem, I looked back more than once hungrily as I went out through the prison yard that I was to see no more, and through the great courtyard. A little wicket in the gate opened, and I shook hands with the man in charge there; and so left them all behind. Before me stretched a long road downwards towards a town in the far distance; I saw smoke rising lazily from its chimneys in the early morning air; all around me lay the great wastes of snow. And I alone, as it seemed, in the world—to begin again.

They had provided me with clothing that was new and rough, and awkward and ill-fitting; I felt like the naked impossible thing I was, that had been clothed and covered up in a hurry, so that men should not recognize me. I had a little money in my pockets, and a few odd things that had once belonged to me and had been carefully kept—things that had been mine twenty years before, and were mine again now.

I sat down on a heap of stones near the gates of the prison, with my mind full of the bitter injustice of the thing. If I had been in my cell now, I should have been eating my poor breakfast—comfortably! I should have known what the day held for me. And here I was—an outcast, and tired already before the day was begun.

The mere fact of wearing civilized clothes again, however coarse and common it might be, had brought back to my remembrance something of what I had been—some faint ghostly shadow of it. I found myself looking at my coarse hands, and at the broken stunted nails, and striving to remember what those hands had been like ever so many years ago when I was a boy. Then, as a shadow fell across me, I realized that I had been sitting musing for some time; and looked up from the hands to see a man standing in front of me.

He was a tall man, very thin, and not at all well dressed. He had a long thin nose with wide nostrils, and a short beard that was black at the roots and gray elsewhere. He stood with his hands clasped before him, and with the cold white fingers turning incessantly over each other. I wondered in a dull fashion where he had come from; but he did not greatly interest me, I went on again looking at my hands. Then he spoke my name.

"Charles Avaline," he said, in a curious jerky voice that was only raised a little above a whisper.

I looked up at him, as I might have looked up any time during those twenty years at a warder, and spoke my number. It had been the natural thing to do with every one. "No. 145," I said, in a dull voice.

The man laughed in a disagreeable fashion as I dropped my eyes again from his face. "Poor broken devil!" he muttered to himself, and then spoke my name again. "Avaline—Charles Avaline. I don't want your number."

"They never wanted my name in there," I said, jerking my head towards the great gates of the prison. "It was always 145. But I'm Charles Avaline," I added.

He dropped his hand on my shoulder, and shook me—pulled me to my feet, in fact. "What are you sitting here for?" he demanded. "Don't you know you're free? Aren't you glad to be free?"

"What's the use?" I asked, with a shake of the head. "Don't you know I'm dead—dead to everybody? I've been in there"—I nodded at the prison with a queer sort of pride at the thought—"I've been in there twenty years."

"And might have been there another twenty, or another forty, or more than that, if you'd lived so long," he retorted. "They seem to have driven the brains out of you—what few you ever had. Look at me; have you ever seen me before?"

He struck himself on the breast and leaned forward to stare at me. I trembled a little before him, but contrived to shake my head. "I don't remember," I said. But I knew that some old memory was springing up in me; I knew that I had seen some such face as this, perhaps in a dream, a long, long while ago. Life and memory were stirring so slowly in me yet that I could remember nothing. I only knew that I existed, and that I stood trembling in the snow before this man, and that I was cold and dimly afraid. I knew no more than that.

"Well, I 've waited outside your grave for you until you came back to life again," he said, with another laugh. "I'm your friend, if you know what that means, and I want to help you. Take off your hat; I want to look at you."

That old habit of obedience was so strong in me still that I pulled off my hat and stood there, gray-headed, before him in the winter sunlight. Whoever he was, he seemed shocked for a moment beyond measure; fell back from me a pace or two with a drooping jaw.

"God!" he muttered; and then in an awe-struck voice I heard him say again: "Poor broken devil!"

I put on my hat again, and waited patiently to hear what more he would say; I felt instinctively that in all the great world in which I stood so forlorn and lonely this man might chance to be my friend. And I wanted friends then badly.

"What are you going to do, Avaline?" he asked.

I shook my head. "I don't know," I said, with a glance down the long road that sloped away to the distant town where the smoke was rising in the still morning air. "I'm afraid to think."

"Got any money?" he demanded, and I turned out my pockets, and counted into his hands all I had. I told him a little proudly that it was what I had earned behind the great gates that frowned upon us as we talked.

"All this in twenty years!" He laughed, and transferred the few coins of which I had been so proud to his own pocket. "I'm your friend, Avaline," he said. "Come with me, and I'll look after you."

I want you to understand, if you can, something of what my feelings were at that time. I had gone into that place fiercely rebelling against my fate; I had gone into it young, with the fierce hot blood of life beating in my veins. Twenty years of it had tamed me and broken me; it had been a gradual process, but a sure one nevertheless. Slowly the rot of the prison had eaten into my soul; slowly and surely I had sunk to be what I was—a thing obedient to orders, and expecting always to have life measured in scanty regular doses for my daily consumption. Now, in a moment, I had been flung upon the world; small wonder that I turned in fear and trembling to the first creature that called me by name and spoke a decent word to me that was not a command. I had been tossed out into the world after twenty years; I was fumbling feebly to find my place in it—and this man might be able to tell me. So I went with him down the long hill into the town; and I felt even then that I went with the trot that had been mine in the exercise yard of the prison.

We came down into the pleasant little place; there were buxom women standing at the doors of the little houses, and whistling boys in the streets, and children trooping along on their way to school. By that time I had hold of my companion's arm, the better to keep up with his easier stride; I turned with him willing enough into a little inn in a side street of the town, where, in a quiet room where we were alone he ordered breakfast. When the smoking food was put before me I laughed and clapped my hands like a child. He did not eat much himself; but he seemed greatly amused and interested at seeing me eat, and seemed, too, to understand what I felt.

"That puts life into you, doesn't it?" he asked, peering at me across the table. "That makes you young again, and ready to face the world—eh?"

I nodded gratefully, although I knew that it was my money that had paid for the meal. When I had eaten all I could, he leaned across the table towards me, and looked at me closely. I smiled at him in a friendly way, because I felt that he had been good to me.

"Charles Avaline—how old are you?"

I thought for a moment, and remembered what the governor had said to me before I left the prison. "I was a mere boy of twenty when I went in there," I said, " and I have been there for twenty years."

"A simple sum in arithmetic," said my companion, with a grim laugh. "There's a looking-glass over the fireplace," he added, pointing to it; "look at it, and see what has happened to you in twenty years, my man of forty!"

I laughed as if this were some great game he was playing; I got up and went to the looking-glass. Staring into it I saw a worn, lined face, with the eyes of a tired old man set in it, and crowned with gray hair. I had not seen myself in a mirror for all those years; I looked into the startled old face of a man of sixty at least. Realizing for the first time a little who I was, and what I was—and understanding, perhaps, the tragedy of what I had been—I turned away, sick at heart and afraid, and looked at him. He was still seated there, with his elbows on the table, and with that grim smile hovering about his lips.

"You're an old man," he sneered, "of no use to anyone in the world, and of no use to yourself. Your life is a thing of the past, and you can't begin again now. What are you going to do—how will you live?"

I told him I did not know; he seemed so much stronger than I was, and so much more accustomed to the big world in which I was expected to move, that I begged him to help me if he would, and to show me what I should do. I was so much a child after that long burial to which I had been subjected, that I could not think for myself; indeed it never occurred to me to ask how this man came to know my name, or why he had met me at the prison gates.

"I mean to look after you," he assured me. "You shall live again, Charles Avaline; you shall take up your life where you thought once you had laid it down. You have been snatched from death, you shall come out into the world with me again; you shall come into your kingdom!"

I went with him placidly enough when presently we left the inn, and set off through the town. If you wonder that I should have submitted myself so readily to him, I ask you to remember the life I had lived, and the fear in which I stood of this great world that was closing about me. I was to have the past brought back to me fully and strongly, but I did not know that then; I was to live again, in another way, the life I once had lived, and to understand it in a new fashion.

We came to a railway station, and my companion took a ticket for London; he seemed to understand that I had my pass from the prison—in fact, he asked me for it. The station master at the little place looked at me queerly, but I think he was used to poor prisoners who came to him with government slips of paper to take them to various parts of the kingdom. He shut us into a third-class carriage alone together, and we started for London. And on the way, strangely enough, my companion raked over that long buried past of mine, and reminded me who I was, and what I was. I remember that I cowered before him, as I might have cowered before a judge who knew my record, and was passing sentence upon me.

"Charles Avaline, twenty years ago you killed a man," he began.

I nodded my head; I remembered that, at least. Had I not struck the man down many and many a time since, and seen him lying at my feet? But in the long, dreary course of the years I had forgotten what it was for, or why it had been done; I only knew that he had deserved to die, and that I had done well to kill him.

"The gallows was built for you, Charles Avaline; the hangman stood ready for you; the grave yawned for you. But you were reserved for something else, Charlie; there was still some work for you to do in the world."

I leaned forward on my seat, and stared at him; for there was a dim feeling in my mind that I had met him somewhere, and that I knew him. The mention of my name in that form—"Charlie"—seemed to wake within me some old memory that had been dead. His knowledge of my crime, and of how I had gone down so near to death, set me wondering what manner of man this was that had seized me at the very prison gates, and now held me in his power by his knowledge of me.

"Who are you?" I demanded, staring at him fearfully. "What is your name?"

"You shall know soon enough," he replied, and relapsed into silence. I sat in a corner of the carriage, staring at him, and wondering about him; striving to fit him in with some dream I had had—a dream that had begun in some old time before the prison closed upon me. But the habit of thought had long been lost to me; my brain was a poor mechanical dull thing, long rusty for want of exercise. In fact, I do not think that I should have recognized him at all, if I had not noticed again that curious action of his thin white fingers, twining over and over each other restlessly. I had the courage to lean forward and pluck off his hat, and stare into his face. I think I must have shrieked out his name.

"Fanshawe! Jerivs Fanshawe!"

"Yes, Jervis Fanshawe," he said. "Who else do you think would be likely to inquire about you, or to find out what day you were coming out? Who else do you think would watch and wait for twenty years to get hold of the man again who ought to have died twenty years ago? There's blood upon you, Charlie Avaline, and not all your years of servitude can wipe it away; but I think I'll stick to you." He folded his arms, and grinned and nodded at me, as though indeed he owned me body and soul.

And now the first frail door that held in check the floods of memory was down, and I began to read the past. Nothing was sure yet, nothing that I clearly understood; for at first, like a man who, getting old, thinks in a circle, and so sees his childhood first and most clearly, I saw my own boyhood, that had had nothing in common with this man. But gradually I began to fumble my way blindly to the point at which he touched my life. And gradually my old horror of him swept over me, and taught me instinctively that he was something to be feared and to be avoided. Without knowing what I did, I sprang up, and made a leap for the opposite door of the carriage, with the blind determination to get out of the moving train. But before I had got the door open he had wound his long arms about me, and had pulled me back onto the seat.

"Not that way!" he cried, as I feebly struggled with him. "Death is not for you—yet. Don't you understand that you belong to me; when your time comes I'll settle what manner of death you'll die. What have you to be afraid of? We're in the same boat, you and I; the world has kicked us both pretty hard; we may do better together than we have done apart. Don't be ungrateful; your loving guardian has come back to you after twenty years; we'll see life together, Charlie."

I shrank away from him, and put up my arm as though to ward off a blow. "Where are you taking me?" I asked in a whisper.

"To London—and back into the world," he said, seizing my upraised arm, and dragging it down, and shaking me playfully. "There's work for you to do in the world, Charlie—great work."

"Where are you taking me?" I asked again, shuddering, and hiding my face in my hands.

"Before your hair was gray, poor fool, and while the world smiled upon you, you lived and loved and laughed. You shall live and love and laugh again; you shall forget your prison and the fear of death that has been upon you; you shall live again."

"Who can do all this for me?" I asked.

He tapped himself on the breast. "I can—and I will," he said. "There was a woman you loved in the old days—have you forgotten her name?"

"It was—it was 'Barbara!' " I whispered.

"Barbara!" he repeated, and I did not notice the sneer that was in his tones. "Barbara it was, and Barbara you shall see again. She shall rise up in the flesh before you, and show you what love is—and perhaps something else beside!"

(Continued Next Week.)

BEST If your nerves are unstrung, or your blood impure; if your kidneys or bladder are strained; if dreams annoy you, or varicose veins make your life miserable; if on lack ambition and are weak anywhere that you should be strong; if you are losing your memory and getting old before your time, you need the BEST medicine on earth—the one that do s NOT contain poison and does NOT excite or stimulate—the one that CURES easily, quickly and cheaply—the one that cured over 600,000 in 8 years. Such is

Beck's Wonder-Worker Tablets

Sold at only $1. Send me 2-cent stamp for expose of false promise and C. O. D. medicine schemes, and sworn proof that my Wonder-Workers are the greatest vitalising force on earth.

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DR. L. T. LEACH, Box 145, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Women Who Wear Well.

It is astonishing how great a change a few years of married life often make in the appearance and disposition of many women. The freshness, the charm, the brilliance vanish like the bloom from a peach which is rudely handled. The matron is only a dim shadow, a faint echo of the charming maiden. There are two reasons for this change, ignorance and neglect. Few young women appreciate the shock to the system through the change which comes with marriage and motherhood. Many neglect to deal with the unpleasant pelvic drains and weaknesses which too often come with marriage and motherhood, not understanding that this secret drain is robbing the cheek of its freshness and the form of its fairness.

As surely as the general health suffers when there is derangement of the health of the delicate womanly organs, so surely when these organs are established in health the face and form at once witness to the fact in rounded comeliness. Nearly a million women have found health and happiness in the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It makes weak women strong and sick women well. Ingredients on label—contains no alcohol or harmful habit-forming drugs. Made wholly of those native, American, medicinal roots most highly recommended by leading medical authorities of all the several schools of practice for the cure of woman's peculiar ailments.

For nursing mothers, or for those broken-down in health by too frequent bearing of children, also for the expectant mothers, to prepare the system for the coming of baby and making its advent easy and almost painless, there is no medicine quite so good as "Favorite Prescription." It can do no harm in any condition of the system. It is a most potent invigorating tonic and strengthening nervine nicely adapted to woman's delicate system by a physician of large experience in the treatment of woman's peculiar ailments.

Dr. Pierce may be consulted by letter *free* of charge. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

GASOLINE RAIL CARS.

An extremely interesting innovation in railroad passenger transportation in this country will be inaugurated when the Union Pacific railroad places in service 12 gasoline rail-motor cars. The cars are intended for branch line traffic, where the fast and frequent service which cannot be maintained by ordinary trains except at a loss. The latest type of these cars developed at the Omaha shops of the Union Pacific makes 60 miles an hour, with a 200-horsepower engine; reaches high speed within six car lengths, and can be stopped within 120 feet. With these advantages, the cars can be put on a much faster schedule than is possible with the steam locomotive. Outwardly, the newest of the cars, which are built entirely of steel, resemble a turned-over racing yacht. The forward end tapers sharply, and the roof and rear are rounded off to reduce the air resistance and avoid the vacuum produced by a square car. Rounded windows give the passengers a wide range of outlook, and increase the nautical appearance of the car. In cold weather the cars are to be heated by hot water from the cylinder jacket. They are lighted by acetylene gas shining through opalescent panels. For sanitary reasons, the floors of the cars are built so that they can be thoroughly cleaned by flushing with hot water. The familiar system of ventilation has been replaced by roof ventilators, which exhaust the inside air by suction, fresh air being taken in from the car roof in front. Vibration is reduced to a minimum by the way in which the motive power is balanced. The cost of operating the cars varies from 10 to 20 cents a mile, according to the density of the traffic, but the records kept prove beyond doubt that the rail-motor car will make possible great improvements in handling branch line passenger traffic.

For the salvation of their local business, many of the steam lines which have been seriously crippled as to earnings since the advent of the paralleling trolleys, look to these gasoline cars, which, it is said, can be more cheaply operated in handling this class of business than can any of the electrics.

$800,000 A YEAR SALARY.

John Hays Hammond, the mining engineer, of New York, receives a salary aggregating $800,000 a year, which is more money than any other man ever received for his personal services. Men make millions on investments or by manipulations or speculation, but Hammond is the only man in the world who is paid so near a million a year for his professional advice. Hammond is the greatest soldier of fortune of modern times, and was the model from which Richard Harding Davis drew his hero in "Soldiers of Fortune." He was born in San Francisco 52 years ago, and was graduated from the Sheffield Scientific school of Yale. During his boyhood in California he heard and dreamed of nothing but gold, for the western coast was gold mad during this time.

In his quest for the precious metal Hammond has traveled all over the world, from Siberia to South Africa. He followed the gold prospecting life in Australia during the boom days, and he was in the Transvaal at the time of the Jameson raid. With Phillips, Frank Rhodes and George Farrar, he was captured by the Boers and sentenced to death, to the great excitement of the whole civilized world. Oom Paul Kruger, under theats from Joseph Chamberlain, released the four men upon payment of an enormous fine and sentence of punishment.

Hammond came to New York and opened an office as consulting engineer. He may be found now in a little room in the Empire building, and so great is his knowledge of gold-bearing ore from all the gold fields of the world that he is able to pass horrible judgment upon the mines without visiting them. His word is law to investors. If Hammond says "Yes," financial kings will spend millions for purchase or development of gold mines. If Hammond says "No," investors will not spend a cent, no matter how tempting the offers may be. He has a corps of assistants who visit mines under question and make their reports to him.

NO HINDRANCE.

One day a celebrated advocate was arguing before a very rude old Scotch judge, who pointed with one forefinger to one of his ears and with the other to the opposite one. "You see this, Mr. X?" "I do, my lord," said the advocate. "Well, it just goes in here and comes out there," and his lordship smiled with the hilarity of a judge who thinks he has actually said a good thing. "I don't doubt it, my lord," replied the advocate; "what is there to prevent it?"—Bellman.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The GREAT SEARCH.

The International Sunday School Lesson for December 22 Is: "A Christmas Lesson," Matt. 2:1-12.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

And still they come from the east. Today's continuance quest of the wise men from the east is one of the prenomena of the twentieth century. This sweet old Christmas story of the magi with its unfading fragrance was never so timely as now. Even the cabinets and councils of government are alert to the truth that out of the east there is coming to the west a great search for unknown best things. The orient is definitely asking that its students may come to the occidental nations to learn the western civilization. Such an opportunity to give back to the east what the wise men found in Bethlehem, has never before been presented to Christendom.

All over the land there has been an extraordinary exhibition of a determination to make this Christmas one marked by the true spirit of the occasion. Newspapers are urging the public to show consideration for the workers in stores by doing their shopping early. Sunday schools are agitating for a "giving Christmas," whereby the members of the school, instead of receiving gifts themselves, bring offerings for the poor. The idea of Christmas as a missionary festival has taken deep hold upon many churches: this day is characterized by God's great sending from above, and by man's great seeking below. Now it is that Christendom is most intent upon bringing heathendom to the place where the Saviour may be found.

Ever After the Supreme Good.

While they do not figure conspicuously in the public prints, the truly seekers are yet the leaven of life. The honor which history has bestowed upon the journeying wise men should be spared with all who, following in their train, pursue the goal of truth. From the high-browed savants of science, who foregather for abstruse discussions, to the humble companies of deep-eyed seekers after spiritual enlightenment; all who are devoted to the pursuit of truth should be regarded as belonging in the company of the three wise men.

Savagery sits still, satisfied with itself; civilization is ever seeking the highest good. The endless quest is the vindication of Christian civilization. Its "divine discontent" is the proof of its progress. So long as God dwells with men, men will pursue the ideal of a loftier life than they have yet known. It is to wise who seek; the Three demonstrated the wisdom they already possessed by their search for the supreme good. So it is the righteous who constantly cover greater holiness.

Finding the Babe.

Some observers think that the whole world today is going daft over pseudo metaphysical religions. There is no need to worry. The modern "isms" and "sciences" and "thought" are making more noise than their real importance warrants; they are social rather than intellectual symptoms. Only shallow thinkers accept the jargon of these so-called philosophies as ultimate. As I have read them I have recalled the book of magic which I picked up in a Port Said book store, a mere jangle of incomprehensible and unrelated terms.

For it is in a life, that real wisdom is to be found. God incarnates his greatest truths in personality. Therefore the Wise Men, being wise, were not surprised to find themselves confronted by a babe and that, too, in lowly station. Because they were great of mind, they had risen above any concern for the adventitious trappings of life; they could scorn Herod on his throne, and make their royal gifts to the Bethlehem Babe, in all his lowliness.

A baby is the embodiment of possibility. The infant we dandle in our arms may be the future great hero or great villain. An imaginative person is awed and made reverent in the presence of a little child; so all infancy shares the royalty of the Babe who was the end of the Wise Men's search. Even as God freshens all life, keeping it from becoming stale, jaded and hopeless, by sending it babyhood, so this old world is revivified by the advent of the eternally contemporaneous Child of the Manger.

When We Meet the Best.

If those three Oriental sages are now, as we believe they are, where they can look down on the present world, beholding the innumerable company that have followed in their train, they assuredly regard as the most tragic passage in the unfolding human drama the failure of men and women to live up to their noblest impulses, to obey their highest ideals, to follow their "gleam," as Tennyson calls it. There is no other failure to equal this. Many a man has died worth millions, knowing his life to have missed the mark, because he had not dared to be true to the loftiest truth he had known.

Herein lies the great temptation and danger of the mass of people who sit, week after week, under the teaching of great truths. They see a star, but fail to follow it. Having a vision, they do not translate it into life. Called to a grander, worthier life, they sit supine in their former smallness. To all such comes the summons of the Wise Men:

"After it, follow it;
Follow your gleam."

The secret of glorious life consists in being steadily true to the best that one has it within one's power to know.

Stars and False Lights.

There are those who seem to think that God's guiding stars faded from His sky when He had revealed the Bethlehem Babe to the Magi. One of the deep truths of the Christian faith is that God still guides. He will not leave any seeking soul in darkness. Sometimes His stars are compelling providences. Sometimes they are simply His revealed will as found in the pages of inspiration. Sometimes they are an intuition, the inner light, which amounts to a compulsion. Whatever form they take, God's stars are bound to break through the darkest night of perplexity and doubt.

There are many alluring lights on the horizon of our time that are false; but God's stars also shine. It has been an inspiration to me of late weeks, to see large bodies of strong men, with a new light of purpose in their faces, rising up to follow the light of duty which they hav been shown. This has been in connection with the extraordinary movement of laymen to send the sufficient gospel, in adequate fashion, to all the needy peoples of the earth. So manifestly has this been God's leading that the Christian men of about a dozen cities in Canada and the United States have, within two months, pledged themselves to add in the neighborhood of a million dollars to their missionary gifts. Thus they express their determination to go where God leads.

While Christendom is thus bearing the Christmas Life out to the groping regions of the earth, the East is consciously and unconsciously, reaching out for the best which the West has to give. Its search is not so deliberate and determined as that of the ancient sages from the East, but nevertheless it will not be satisfied until it finds Him who is the Way and the Truth and the Life.

GROWTH OF SOUTHWEST.

While doubtless some of the remarkable showing made this season by the southwest has been due to timely and exceptionally liberal rainfall, the qualification of soil and climate for agriculture, when properly managed, has been proved, and it is unlikely that there will come to that section any backset or exodus such as in years past marked other parts of the west. The possibilities of the prairies are better understood, and the government's experiments, conducted with scientific skill, have demonstrated the best methods of securing regular crops and the kind of products suited to conditions. The map of the southwest is being reconstructed, and if the inpouring of population shall continue for the next decade as now seems probable, that portion of the nation's granary will rank in progress and prosperity with sections half a century ahead of it in development—Outlook.

FIGHTING GEESE.

In Russia, pits for cock-fighting are unknown, but "goose pits," some 60 years ago, were common throughout that mighty kingdom. The effect of this can be seen today in the geese which are indigenous to the country, the Arsamas and the Tula varieties particularly showing to a marked degree the fighting characters of their ancestors. The Arsamas gander has a bill which is entirely different in form from that of the geese known in any other part of the world. The special structure enables the bird to take a firm grip on the neck or back of its antagonist.

FRIENDS.

He calls himself your friend
Who comes to you
With visage blue,
And begs that you will lend
Him just a few
Dollars, because his rent will soon be due.

He also is your friend
Who, when he meets you
Thusly greets you:
"Why, how your shoulders bend!
And, really, Bill,
I never saw you looking quite so ill."

And it's your dearest friend
Who tells you that
You're getting fat,
And cures will recommend
To make you thinner:
And says: "You're almost bald, you gay old sinner!"

We all have cheerful friends
Who like to call
And tell us all
Our faults. When fortune sends
Us friends like these
'Tis not so hard to love our enemies.
—New York Times.

The Farmstead

Questions for Answer.

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting the results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

Will someone please tell me what to feed my hogs so they will get rid of the long white worms that they have in their small intestines We have just got through butchering and we have found a good many of them in the hogs.—S., Bloomington, Ill.

Have a horse with trouble in his head and lungs; cause bad smell; affects his wind. Could somebody tell me of a remedy? He eats heartily and has life.—C., Smithton, W. Va.

Will somebody give me a recipe for making hominy with soda or with concentrated lye? We saw a recipe, but lost the paper.—M., Monroeville, Ind.

Will some reader of Farmstead please tell me what is the matter with the scalp when it becomes covered with small pimples, mostly near the edge of the hair? Also give a remedy.—L., Eskridge, Kan.

Splint and Spavin Liniment.

Editor Farmstead: I'm a veterinary and must soon go on my long journey, but I know some things that it might be well to have more generally known. To begin with here is a splint and spavin liniment: Oil of origanum, 6 ounces; gum camphor, 2 ounces; iodine ointment, 1 ounce; mercurial ointment, 2 ounces; put all in a large-mouthed bottle. Melt by putting the bottle into a kettle of water and heating it. Apply twice daily for four or five days; quit a few days and repeat. I have never cured splints, for I have never had any to cure, but I have cured curbs, bone spavin, lumpyjaw on a cow and bunions on my feet. Some cases of long standing require a long time to effect a cure, perhaps a year or more. Tell R., Morgantown, W. Va., that I will cure his colt sure.—I., South Bellingham, Wash.

Kansas the Hog's Happy Habitat.

F. D. Coburn, secretary of the Kansas department of agriculture, writes as follows on the Kansas hog:

It was well said by a former cabinet minister that in the American hog we have an automatic combined machine for reducing bulk in corn and enhancing its value. That he is a mint, and the corn of our common country the bullion he transmutes into golden coin.

In Kansas he finds the favored zone, his El Dorado, and here he always makes both ends meat; for Kansas is a corn orchard parked with grasses and fragrant with the bloom of alfalfa, the greatest forage plant vouchsafed by providence to men; growing here in profusion elsewhere unknown. Hence it is that Kansas possesses more of these latest model self-lubricating mortgage-removers than all New England and fifteen other states and territories added.

Uncle Sam, our foremost connoisseur of pork, but with no especial partiality for Kansas, recorded in a report for January of this year 1907 that the Kansas hogs are worth "per capiter" 15 per cent more than the Missouri hog; 36 per cent more than the Kentucky hog; 56 per cent more than his Virginia compatriot; 97 per cent more than the Arkansas hog, and 148 per cent more than Florida's favorites.

There is probably no other territory of the same area as Kansas where the conditions of climate, soil, food and care are more congenial to the hog's health and wholesome development, and he is nowhere found so developed except among and by a high order of people. High-class swine are unknown and impossible among a low-class people.

Kansas swine, coinage of Kansas grass, grain and brain, in the world arena at Chicago and then at St. Louis, met the world-beaters and beat them. She has given Poland, China, Chester to unity, Berkshire and New Jersey a thousand years the lead and easily distanced the namesakes of all.

The Kansas hog, in his sphere typifying the good, the true and the beautiful, is a joy even to the Hebrew, and like the state that lends him as a solace to humanity is but the morning of his career. His one passport, everywhere demanded and always sufficient for entree to presidents, potentates or peasants is—"Kansas on the rind.

Beets for Brood Sows.

An experiment to determine the value of sugar beets as a food for young brood sows has just been completed at the Colorado experiment station farm—24 in number—were divided into smaller lots. To one lot a full grain ration consisting of equal parts of corn, barley and middlings was fed, while the other lot was fed as much grain and all the roots they would eat. The experiment lasted ten weeks. At starting the sows were approximately six months old. They were run in small lots, in which were portable pens for sleeping. A record was kept of the amount of food eaten in each lot and their weights at the end of each week.

It was found that the pigs which received a full grain ration made 793 pounds gain, while the other lots, which received roots with a half grain ration, gained 673 pounds during ten weeks. Though the grain lot gained 120 pounds more than the beet lot, yet there were five individuals in the beet lot made just as good gains as the best in the grain lot. The sows receiving the beets did not make as economical gains as did those receiving only grains. It was found, also, that the sows fed grain alone were harder to keep in a healthy condition. Twice during the experiment they went off feed, became dry and brisly in the hair, and sluggish in conduct, while the lot fed roots never went off feed at any time during the experiment.

When beets are valued at $5 per ton the gains are more costly than on the grain-fed lot, but if beets are valued at $3.50 per ton the gain is obtained at ½c less per pound bv feeding roots. The sows ate the beets very heartily, consuming an average of nearly 10

The General Demand

the Well-Informed of the World has always been for a simple, pleasant and efficient liquid laxative remedy of known value; a laxative which physicians could sanction for family use because its component parts are known to them to be wholesome and truly beneficial in effect, acceptable to the system and gentle, yet prompt, in action.

In supplying that demand with its excellent combination of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, the California Fig Syrup Co. proceeds along ethical lines and relies on the merits of the laxative for its remarkable success.

That is one of many reasons why Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is given the preference by the Well-Informed. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists. Price fifty cents per bottle.

QUESTION BUREAU ?

RULES—1.—Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2.—Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but not different subjects. 3.—The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything or sell anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4.—We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5.—We will not answer any questions on religious topics.—no questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6.—Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers, we will reply in print, but never by mail.

Presidential Succession.

Editor Question Bureau: Will you please give your opinion to decide a question between A and B? A says if the President dies the Vice President is actually President in every sense of the word, and if the office were barred he would be. B says he is only acting President, and the office would be open to him.—A. B., Sheridan City, Mich.

Under the law, if the President dies, the Vice President succeeds him. He becomes President "in every sense of the word," during the dead man's unexpired term. That is all there is to the above question, for the reason that the circumstances mentioned are not possible under existing law.

Edison's Inventions.

Editor Question Bureau: Will you please give a complete list of the inventions of Thomas A. Edison?—G. W. R., Shawnee, Okla.

The bureau cannot give a complete list of Edison's inventions. He has been granted more than three hundred patents. Among his important inventions may be mentioned the phonograph, a telephone for long distance transmission, a system of duplex telegraphy, the carbon telephone transmitter, the aerophone, megaphone, the incandescent lamp, the kinetoscope, and a storage battery for street railways cars and automobiles. There is not an electrical instrument, or an electrical process now in use, but bears the mark of some useful change wrought by Edison.

Arianism and Unitarianism.

Editor Question Bureau: Is the Unitarian church of today the outcome of the Arian movement of the 4th century?—M. C., Corry, Pa.

It is so stated in history. It is recorded that Arianism was the parent of Socinianism, which was the projenitor of the later Unitarianism. That is all the Question Bureau knows about it.

Co-Operation in the United States.

Editor Question Bureau: Russell, in his Soldiers of the Common Good, says co-operation has been tried but twice in the United States, and that both trials were failures. Will you let me know, through the Question Bureau, if this is the case? I am sure there are many cases of profit-sharing in this country. And I would like to know the present status of the two plans, co-operation and profit-sharing in this country.—T. E. B., Mechanicsburg, O.

We would be pleased to give a more comprehensive answer to this question than we feel we shall be able to do. There are many co-operative communities in the United States, but their methods and characteristics vary. They have been classified as communistic, socialistic and partially co-operative. There are some companies and business firms that have adopted profit-sharing methods. To go into the matter of how successful and generally satisfactory their experiences have been is out of the question.

Generally speaking, co-operation has made slow progress in the United States. The co-operative store in Kingston, Mass., said to be the oldest existing experiment on the Rochdale plan. It was organized in 1875, but has had a small annual trade. There were various co-operative associations formed in the late '40s and the early '50s. A bulletin of the Department of Labor issued in 1896 makes a statement that "none survive." However, one or two still exist, among which is the Protective Union, of Worcester, Mass., and the Central Union association of New Bedford, Mass., organized, respectively, in 1847 and 1848. In 1886 co-operative business in New England included creameries, banks and building associations. A co-operative coopering establishment in Minneapolis in 1874. In 1882 students of Harvard university formed a society for supplying themselves with books, stationery and other articles. It is said to have been a great success and has been imitated at Yale and other colleges. Some co-operative creameries in certain northwestern states have been successful. In 1901 more than forty farmers' co-operative grain associations were formed. The Co-Operative Association of America, organized during the same year, in Lewiston, Me. was started with the purpose of developing a federation of various lines of business, beginning with a grocery. The profits were to be divided semi-annually among the co-operators. In 1901-2 the association accumulated $250,000 and reported a business of $690,000. Its success since that time is not known to the Bureau.

Dido, Founder of Carthage.

Editor Question Bureau: Please tell me if you know about Dido, the legendary founder of Carthage.—W. B. Keyhill, Mound City, Mo.

Dido was a legendary Phoenician princess, daughter of Mutgo, Belus, or Belnor, king of Tyre. According to Justin she was the wife of her uncle Acerbas, priest of Hercules, who was ordered for his wealth by Pygmallon, the son and successor of Mutgo. Dido resembled her sorrow, and with a number of disaffected Tyrian nobles escaped from her native country, bearing the treasures of her murdered husband. The party first landed at the island of Cyprus where they carried off by force eighty maidens, and then pursuing their journey touched on the coast of Africa, purchased as much land as might be covered with the hide of a bull, and by cutting the hide into thin strips enclosed a large tract of country, on which the city of Carthage soon began to rise. Their prosperity excited the jealousy of a neighboring chief, Hiarbas, who demanded the hand of Dido in marriage and threatened war in case of refusal. The queen asked three months for consideration, at the end of which time she mounted upon a funeral pile and plunged a sword into her heart. Virgil represents her as killing herself on being abandoned by Aeneas.

The Christmas Tree.

Editor Question Bureau: When did the Christmas tree originate?—J. E. B., Lincolnton, N. C.

The origin of the Christmas tree has been traced back to the Romans. It went from Germany to Great Britain, and from there came to the United States.

James Proctor Knott.

Editor Question Bureau: Please give a biographical sketch of J. Proctor Knott?—E. S., Campbellsville, Ky.

James Proctor Knott was born near Hanson, Marion county, Ky., August 1830. He studied law and was admitted to the Missouri bar in 1851. In 1858 he was elected to the Missouri legislature, in 1859 was appointed to the office of attorney general of Missouri to fill a vacancy, and in 1860 was elected to that post. Having refused, at the beginning of the civil war, to take an oath of allegiance which he considered too severe, he was for a time imprisoned in the St. Louis arsenal. In 1862 he removed to Kentucky, where he established himself as a practitioner at Lebanon. Later he served in congress as a Democratic representative from the Fourth Kentucky district. He was governor of Kentucky in 1883-7, a delegate to the Kentucky constitutional convention in 1891, professor of civics and economics in Centre college at Danville, Ky., and later became professor of law and dean of the law faculty of Central university.

Magnetic Poles.

Editor Question Bureau: Will you kindly explain about the magnetic pole and what it has to do with the north pole?—A. K. S., Passumpric, Vt.

The magnetic poles of the earth are two nearly opposite points on the earth's surface, where the dip of the needle is 90 degrees. They are at a considerable distance from the geographical poles of the earth, with which they have nothing to do. Roger Bacon is said to have been acquainted with the loadstone's property of pointing to the north in 1294.

Alfred Tennyson.

Editor Question Bureau: I would like you to give a biographical sketch of Alfred Tennyson.—F. B. R., Blissfield, Mich.

Tennyson was born August 6, 1809, and died October 6, 1892. His boyhood was passed in his father's country rectory. He began writing verse very early, and some of his youthful efforts were published in partnership with his elder brother Charles, in 1827. Two years later he entered Trinity college, Cambridge, and became a member of a society called the Apostles, which included some of the most brilliant young men in England. Soon after his father's death in 1831, Tennyson left college without taking his degree, and for the sixty years that followed he gave himself to a poet's life. It was the profound grief of his dear friend, Arthur Hallam, that inspired him to write the famous elegy, In Memoriam, which appeared in 1850. In the same year the poet was married to Miss Emily Sellwood, and he was appointed to succeed Wordsworth as poet laureate. His first official poem was the Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington, in 1852. Maud was published in 1855. Four years later he began the publication of the Idylls of the King. Each of the twelve idylls clothes an ancient legend from the Arthurian Cycle in harmonious modern blank verse. The idylls are so far independent that any one of them might stand alone as a complete poem; but there is a connecting thread running through them all in the threefold love story of Arthur Guinevere, and Lancelot, and in the history of the Round Table. The underlying score of the whole series, it has been explained, is to shadow forth the war of Sense against Soul. The idylls have been interpreted as movements in a symphony. The theme of which is the rightful royalty of man's spiritual nature, seeking to establish itself in a settled reign of law, and constantly opposed to the disorderly and disintegrating elements of humanity. In The Coming of Arthur it is doubt that threatens the kingdom; in Gareth and Lynette the conflict is with false ambition; in the Marriage of Geraint, with pride; in Geraint and Enid, with jealousy; in Balin and Bolan, with suspicion; in Merlin and Vivien, with lust; in The Holy Graal, with superstition; until at last the poison of unlawful love has crept through all the court, and Arthur's Round Table is dissolved in ruin, but not without a vision in peace for the king who has kept his soul unstained, and a dim promise of new hope for some future age, when he shall return to bloodless victory.

In 1883 a title of nobility was offered to Tennyson through Gladstone. He had declined this honor once before, but now he accepted, and in January, 1884, he was admitted to the peerage. He took his title, Baron of Aldworth and Farringford, from his two country houses, in Sussex and in the Isle of Wight.

Robert Burns, Poet.

Editor Question Bureau: Will you please give a biographical sketch of Robert Burns, the poet?—O. B., Cromwell, Ind.

Robert Burns, the sweet singer of Scotland, was born at Alloway, January 25, 1759. His father was William Burness (for so the name was originally spelled), a worthy and intelligent man. At the time of the poet's birth he occupied a few acres of land, and acted as gardener and overseer for a neighboring gentleman. The poet's mother was Agnes Brown before her marriage. Young Burns received the greater part of his formal education from a young man named Murdoch, whom his father and a few of the neighbors engaged to instruct their children. Through a love of reading and fortunately having access to books, this young man, who was destined to thrill the hearts of all Scotland with his songs, was enabled to acquire a fair English education. Burns' father died in 1784. The family was well acquainted with poverty, and the poet was inured to hard farm work. Burns began rhyming at the age of 16, but not until 1786 did he publish anything. It was in this year that the first edition of his poems appeared, and sold for three shillings a copy, one copy of which a few years ago sold for $2,860. It was in this edition that Hollowe'en, The Cotter's Saturday Night, The Holy Fair, The Twa Dogs, etc., were printed. His poems were hailed with applause in his own part of the country, and thoughts he had at one time of emigrating to the West Indies were given up, and he published a second edition at Edinburg the following year. He had become the lion of Edinburg society for a season, and impressed those who came in contact with him by his extraordinary gifts and personality. Meanwhile he had acquired habits that left their mark on his after-life. His second edition of poems produced him something like $2,500, and after traveling through Scotland and part of England, he married Jean Armour and settled as a farmer at Ellisland, in 1788. Fortune did not smile, and he sold his stock and retired to Dumfries, and continued to write, chiefly short poems. One important poem, however, by many considered his masterpiece, belongs to the year 1790—the immortal Tam o' Shanter.

Burns lived too fast for his constitution. He suffered much from rheumatism and rheumatic fever, and these ailments, aggravated by imprudent exposure to cold, brought about his death July 21, 1796. He was buried at Dumfries, receiving a public funeral.

Twelfth Night.

Editor Question Bureau: Will you please state from what incident or event Shakespeare wrote the play, Twelfth Night? Some tell me it was the twelfth night after Christmas.—S. A. H., Lawrence, Kan.

Twelfth Night is a bright and sunny play, and was probably meant, as the title indicates, for the close of the holiday season, when sport and revelry are at their height.

Bank of the United States.

Editor Question Bureau: What was the law under which the bank or banks which President Jackson knocked out were chartered. Some claim that the bank was nearly the same as our present national banks; others that it was like the Bank of England.—A. A. B., Clayton, Ill.

There have been two such banks, the first from 1791 to 1811, the second from 1816 to 1836. The first bank was to continue for twenty years. Its capital was to be $10,000,000, of which $2,000,000 was to be subscribed by the government, payable in yearly installments of $200,000. Congress agreed to charter no other bank within twenty years. The bank was authorized to establish branches, and its notes were to be received in payments to the United States. Efforts to obtain a renewal of its charter at the expiration of its existence in 1811 were unsuccessful.

In 1816 the second Bank of the United States was incorporated. Public sentiment had been inclined in favor of such a renewal by the financial difficulties attending the war of 1812. It was not, however, till 1816 that the act was passed. The powers of the bank were much the same as those of the first bank. Its capital was $35,000,000, payable one-fifth in cash and four-fifths in government stock. It was to have the custody of public funds, and five of the twenty-five directors were to be appointed by the government. Mismanagement brought the bank into a precarious position, and the new bank president was obliged, as a matter of necessity, largely to curtail its loans. The stringency thus created awakened considerable feeling against the bank. The first intimation of any connection of the bank with politics was the demand of certain of President Jackson's political friends for the removal of the president of a New England branch who was politically obnoxious to them. The president of the bank, Nicholas Biddle, refused, denying any connection of his institution with politics. President Jackson was opposed to the bank, and his messages to congress in 1829, 1830 and 1831 expressed strong dislike of the institution. In 1832 a bill to re-charter passed both houses, but was vetoed by the President and failed to pass over his veto. The elections of that year produced a house, the majority of which supported the President. On the plea that the bank was not safe the President removed the government deposits and placed them with state banks, which were called Banks of Deposit, and nicknamed "Pet Banks." In this he was supported by the house, which decided against a renewal of the charter and ordered an investigation of the bank. Nothing came of this. The bank was chartered by the state of Pennsylvania, and was thereafter known as Nicholas Biddle's United States bank. Only one more attempt to establish a bank was made. This was in 1844, while Tyler was President. Two bills having that end in view passed congress, but they were both vetoed.

Miscellaneous.

D. A., Bernie, Mo.: Certainly we cannot print Washington's farewell address for you; it is too long.

H. E. A., Sandyville, W. Va., and E. D., Wilmington, O.: See article on Christmas in the Household page of last week's Blade.

E. S. W., Erie, Pa.: We cannot tell you what states have abolished capital punishment.

B. J. G., Elkhart, Ind.: Your question was answered in the Bureau of The Blade of November 14.

H. D. S., Junction City, Kans.: To answer all your questions in regard to the impeachment trial of Andrew Johnson would require several hours' digging through newspaper files of the dates on which the trial was held, and then we could be assured of only partial success.

C. N. F., Merrill, Neb.: The Indian is not a citizen of the United States.

F. S. P.: Rew, Pa.: Brick Pomeroy was never connected with The Blade in any capacity.

FRINGES ON CLOUDS.

Phenomenon Due to Presence of Atmospheric Air.

Tyndall used to explain, with the aid of a brilliant experiment, that the blue color of the sky is owing to the floating particles of invisible dust that break up and scatter the short waves, which are the blue waves of light.

This, an eminent scientist has recently pointed out, occurs principally at a great elevation, where the atmospheric dust is extremely fine, while in the lower regions of the air, where the dust is coarser, the scattering affects all the rays, or colors, alike.

The brilliant fringes of clouds, seen nearly in the direction of the sun, are largely due to dust, which especially accumulates in the neighborhood of clouds and refracts the sunlight around their edges.

A FORTUNE MADE WITH TEN DOLLARS.

I think it my duty to tell your readers of a sure way to make money, where $10 invested now and the profits reinvested for ten years, will make you $100,000. Is this not worth investigating? You can make 150 per cent on your money in the lumber business. Write to The Fidelity Lumber Co., Block 7, Pittsburg, Pa., for particulars. They are absolutely reliable and will guarantee to pay you a dividend within three months from the time you invest. Timber land can be bought for $50 an acre and the lumber sold at a profit of $150 per acre, making more than 150 per cent per annum. There is no risk in the lumber business. I hope my experience will start many on the road to success, as there certainly is no excuse for remaining poor when $10 will bring you wealth and comfort.

WAGE VS. SALARY.

The annual investigation of the bureau of labor into wages and the retail prices of food, the report on which has just been placed in the hands of the printer, shows that in the principal manufacturing and mechanical industries of the country average wages per hour in 1906 were 4.5 per cent higher than in 1905, the regular hours of labor per week were 0.5 per cent lower, and the number of employes in the establishments investigated was 7 per cent greater. The average full-time weekly earnings per employe in 1906 were 3.9 per cent greater than in 1905.

During 1906 wages were increased generally in nearly all industries, 40 of the 41 industries covered by the investigation showing some increase. The greatest increase was in the manufacture of cotton goods, where the average wages per hour in 1906 were 11.2 per cent higher than in 1905. In the manufacture of electrical apparatus and supplies the increase was 10.1 per cent. In street and sewer work done by contract the increase was 8.7 per cent; in iron and steel, Bessemer converting, 8.5 per cent, and in the manufacture of cigars, 8.4 per cent. In the manufacture of bar iron the increase in wages per hour was 6.9 per cent, and in the building trades 6.1 per cent. Briefly stated, 2 industries showed an increase in hourly wages of more than 10 per cent, 7 industries an increase of 5 per cent, but less than 10 per cent, and 31 industries an increase of less than 5 per cent. In one industry—paper and wood pulp—there was a decrease of 1.1 per cent.

The fact should be borne in mind that these figures apply only to wage-workers in manufacturing and mechanical industries, and do not show conditions so far as salaried employes are concerned—the story in this case would be a far less encouraging one.—Harper's Weekly.

SCHOOL NURSES.

We may note with satisfaction, says the New England Magazine, the appointment of a well-known physician as director of physical training in the Boston schools, and with him 20 school nurses, directed by another physician, a woman. It would seem that physical training in these schools is to be no longer confined to occasional gymnastic exercises, but will have to do with the physical welfare of the children. To create and to maintain wholesome conditions in the schools, to prevent the spread of contagious diseases, to advise concerning the care of children who are half sick, but to whom no physician would be called and no aid would be given were the family not taught and assisted by the nurse, will be the function of the new force. Their duties are thus outlined:

1. To assist the board of health medical inspectors in their work in the public schools of the city, seeing that the directions given by the inspectors are carried out, and giving such instructions to the pupils as will promote their physical welfare.

2. In visiting their homes, to pursuade the parent or guardian to provide the treatment ordered by the doctor, and possibly to take the child to the family physician. If the nurse is satisfied that the parent cannot afford private medical attendance, then it will be the nurse's duty to obtain a promise from the parent or guardian to take the child to the nearest hospital or dispensary. If by chance the mother or guardian is ill, too, and unable to comply with this request, the nurse, having obtained permission from parent or guardian, may take the child to hospital or dispensary. The nurse must not lose the medical history of that child until the child is returned to schoolroom from which it was excluded, making as many visits to the home as physician in charge deems necessary.

3. Before giving to a teacher or master an opinion of the probable diagnosis, the nurse should first consult the medical inspector of the particular school, and in the meantime exercise all prophylactic precautions.

4. In emergencies, such as fractures or falling down stairs, or fainting fits, first to notify medical inspector, and while waiting his visit to take such necessary measures as immediate relief of the case requires.

No one can doubt that the schools will profit immensely by the new arrangement.

A WELL-ENDOWED INFANT

King Leopold has just settled a sum of £1,200,000 on the child of his morganatic marriage with the Baroness Vaughan.—African Mail.

BLOW TO COMMERCE.

If these steamships get much faster there won't be time to play more than one round of jack-pots on the way across. —Chicago Journal.

THE MASHER.

—Philadelphia North American.

"We are for local option and the suppression of obnoxious saloons."—The Brewers.
"The saloon must go. Compromise with the rum traffic is impossible."—The Anti-Saloon League.

CLERICAL COCKTAILS.

Dr. Potter Made the Rev. Percy Grant Drink One.

Bishop Potter told Chozo Koike, consul general of Japan at this port, and a distinguished company of Americans and Japanese gathered at a dinner at the Hotel Astor last night to bid farewell to the consul general, who is going to a new post at San Francisco, how when he was visiting Japan some years ago he became so fatigued climbing the steps leading up to a Buddhist temple that he had to order a Manhattan cocktail when he got back to his hotel in Yokohama. Not only did the father of the Subway Tavern of recent memory drink that cocktail, but, as he confessed last night, he made the Rev. Percy Grant, rector of the Church of the Ascension in this city, and a teetotaler, drink another.

Bishop Potter told the story of the Japanned Manhattan cocktail to illustrate some remarks he had made about the adaptability of the Japanese people to the customs of the Occident. He didn't expect to get a Manhattan cocktail when he ordered it, but he did get it and he congratulated the retiring consul general upon the cleverness of that Japanese bartender in that Yokohama hotel.

"There is just one fault I have to find with the temples of your country, my dear Consul General," said Bishop Potter, in the course of his remarks, "and that is that in many cases the steps approaching the sacred fanes are so long and wearisome that they leave the traveler quite exhausted at the portal. One day, the Rev. Percy Grant, who sits at my right here, and who was my traveling companion on my trip to Japan, and I climbed ever so many steps to see a temple at Yokohama. When we returned to our hotel I was quite worn out.

"I called a Japanese servant and ordered a Manhattan cocktail. Now, you know, I had no idea that he knew what I meant by a Manhattan cocktail, but I was quite sure that he would bring me something and say that it was a Manhattan. Such is the ingenuity of your race, my dear Consul General.

"To my surprise he brought not only one genuine Manhattan cocktail, but two—"

A ripple of applause went around the banquet table and several diners leaned forward in expectancy.

"Well, here was a predicament," continued the bishop, in his smoothest tones, "I am sorry to say—or I should say that I am very glad to say—that the Rev. Percy Grant here, is a teetotaler and that one of his relatives on the distaff side is a very well known member of the W. C. T. U.—a very well known member.

"'Grant,' said I, 'you will have to drink this other cocktail.'

"'But, my dear Bishop,' he protested, 'what is the effect of this cocktail?'

"'It is exhilerating, my dear Grant,' said I.

"Grant drank that cocktail and in a very few minutes he began to rub himself about the region of his vest—he is rather an expansive man in some particulars, you know—at least he was then.

"'Bishop,' he said to me, 'you are right; that is exhilarating.'

"Then I called the bartender and asked him how it happened that in Yokohama he knew how to make a Manhattan cocktail.

"'Oh, I used to run a hotel in Cincinnati,' he replied."—New York Evening Sun.

IT IS SAID.

To keep a race horse costs $2,500 a year.

The Germans are wearing aluminum neckties.

Wornout billiard balls are cut up into dice.

Fruit preserved without sugar keeps the best.

There are eight white men to one white woman in India.

In 2,000 years the shape of fish hooks has not changed.

It is only in this country that books and papers are sold on trains.

The Japanese census is inaccurate. They take it by simply counting the houses and allowing five persons to each house.

POSTAGE STAMP MENAGERIE

One could collect a noiseless menagerie by gathering the postage stamps of the world which bear animals upon them.

Chinese stamps have the dragon, the seahorse is portrayed upon those of Barbadoes, Portugal has a mermaid stamp, the Sphinx is shown on the stamps of Egypt and the double-headed eagle is spread over the Austro-Hungarian variety.

Six denominations of the stamps of French Guiana have anteaters on them, the stamps of Paraguay have a lion, while the postage stamps of Nyassa, a Portuguese colony in Africa, show a baby camel standing beside its mother. Still another of the same country has a giraffe upon it. Obock, a French colony, in Africa, has a stamp with a two-humped camel.

Congo Free State has a stamp on which is the picture of an African elephant, the Asian elephant is pictured on stamps of the Federated Malay States, while a white elephant goes with every stamp of the local post of Nankin, China. The Malay States also have stamps upon which tigers appear.

The orang-outang is on the North Borneo stamps. A lemur was issued on the stamps of Madagascar. Tasmania contributes to the menagerie a stamp with a duckbill on it. French Congo issued a leopard stamp with an alligator upon it. Rhodesia has a stamp with an antelope.

The stamp collector can get his beaver from the Dominion of Canada, caribou from Newfoundland, the gnu from the Orange River Colony, together with the springbock, the zebu from Madagascar and the otters from Ichang, China.

A DELICATE TASK.

"The newspapers," said the orator solemnly, "do not tell the truth."

"Perhaps not," answered the editor, regretfully. "We do our best. But you know there is nothing more difficult than to tell the truth in a way that won't put it up to some one to challenge your veracity."—Washington Star.

HE TOLD HIS OWN STORY.

Miss Lydia Conley, a clever Wyandotte girl, is the only Indian woman lawyer in the world. She is a member of the Kansas bar, and at Kansas City, anent a recent Indian case that she conducted, she told an interesting legal story.

"So I put my man on the stand," she said. "That, if your case is a just one, is always the thing to do. You know the story of the Kansas land claimant?

"Well, out here many years ago a man brought suit before the squire to recover some land that had been outrageously filched from him. His case was a good one, but the other side had doctored the plaintiff's witnesses, too —and up to the time when he took the stand himself not a jot or tittle of testimony in his favor had been recorded.

"He, as soon as he was sworn, turned to the justice and said:

"'Squire, I've got this suit, and yet the evidence, excepting my own, is all against me. Now, I don't accuse any one of lying, 'Squire, but these witnesses are the most mistaken lot of fellows I ever saw. You know me, 'Squire. Two years ago you sold me a hoss for sound that was as blind as a bat. I made the deal and stuck to it. When you used to buy my grain, 'Squire, you stood on the scales when the empty wagon was weighed, but I never said a word. Now, do you think I am the kind of a man to kick up a rumpus and sue a fellow unless he has done me a real wrong? Why, 'Squire, if you'll recall that sheep speculation you and me—'

"But at this point the 'Squire, very red in the face, hastily decided the case in the plaintiff's favor."

LIGHT COLORED ELEPHANTS

It was a hot afternoon, and Mrs. Perkins, who had taken the children, seven in number, to "The Greatest Show on Earth," felt the heat, and was otherwise much disturbed. "What's the matter with you all?" she demanded of one of the guards, pointing to the elephants.

"Those are from Africa," replied the man; and Mrs. Perkins looked dubiously from the great animals to the guard, and back again to the elephants.

"They appear dreadful light-colored to have come from Africa, seems to me," she remarked. "And that giraffe's neck ain't what I expected for length, either; and you've only one double-humper amongst the camels, and the hair's all rubbed off him in spots. I reckon this isn't the first show he's been in, by a good deal."

She detached the youngest Perkins from the monkey's cage, and turned again to the attendant.

"You tell the manager of this show from me," she commanded, "that I shan't pay 50 cents for myself and $1.75 for this mess of children another year to see light-colored elephants and a giraffe and a kangaroo with short necks and legs, and a possy of single-humpers with only one double-humper, and him second hand!

"You tell him that from Mrs. Philander Perkins, and tell him I mean it, too!"—Youth's Companion.

FISHERMAN'S LUCK.

The Judge—For two years you men have fished together, peaceably, and yet you fought over this fish.

The Sportsman—You see, your honor, this is the first one we ever caught!—Translated for Transatlantic Tales from "Meggendorfer Blatter."

MIGRANTS OF THE AIR.

Why Do English Birds Travel Southward in the Fall?

If anyone dared suggest nowadays that the swallows which disappear in the autumn were in the habit of hibernating under water it is probable that he would be put down as a harmless lunatic and treated accordingly. Yet it is only a very little more than a hundred years since some of the first naturalists of the day were debating the possibility of such occurrences. Few of them at that time accepted the theory of migration, and even such a nice "observer" as Gilbert White (to use one of his own expressions) could not bring himself to believe that some at least of the swallow tribe stayed with us all the year, hibernating, as he supposed, in hollow trees, cliffs and even in evergreen bushes.

All these primitive ideas on the subject of bird movements have been dissipated long since, but we still have a very great deal to learn about the habits of the migratory birds. Who is there, for instance, who can explain why the swift is always in such a hurry to leave England behind him? He is the last of all the so-called swallows (for, strictly speaking, he is not a swallow at all) to put in an appearance in the spring, and yet he is the first to be off. It is a rare thing to see a swift, even in the south of England, after the end of August, and the birds' early departure is all the more inexplicable since they often have young still in the nest at the beginning of the month. Perhaps the old birds occasionally leave their late hatched young ones to perish, for the call of the South is sometimes even stronger than the bonds of parental affection. The swift feeds on much the same food as the swallows and martins, many of which prolong their stay till the end of October. Neither food nor temperature, therefore, can have anything to do with the inordinate haste of the swift's departure.

The ways of the ring ousel—perhaps the most handsome member of the whole family of thrushes—are also curious. It is one of the largest and boldest of the tribe, and almost exactly like a blackbird in its habits, yet it cannot stand the rigors of an English winter. When the ring ousel goes away in the autumn, the redwing, a much more fragile bird, takes its place. The coming of this later bird is likewise difficult to explain, for even our native song thrush stands the winter here better than its near relative, the redwing, which is the first to succumb to the cold. In hard weather one can find dozens of these poor wanderers reduced to starvation, and the fieldfares, which also visit us only in the winter, often share a similar fate. It seems strange that birds which fall such ready victims to stress of weather should come here instead of going southward, as many of their companions do, out of the reach of frost and snow. It is also curious to note that although all the members of the thrush family—missel and song thrushes, blackbirds, fieldfares, redwings and ring ousels—subsist on much the same food, the last, at least, leave us at just the same time when berries of all sorts are most numerous and most palatable. The ring ousels make a hurried meal off the red ripe hips and haws on their way south in autumn, but even such a feast of plenty as is laid before them this year does not tempt them to linger on this side of the Channel for more than a few days at the most.

Climate, which appears to govern the movements of most migratory birds, would seem to have little to do with the habits of certain birds of prey which visit us at regular periods. Hawks of several species, for instance, are far more plentiful with us in the winter than at any other season. Possibly the former come here in the train of many smaller birds which visit Great Britain in winter and fall an easy prey to their pursuers in hard weather. It may be, too, that the kestrels find it hard to support life when the approach of colder weather has driven their lawful victims—the mice and the rats—from the fields and hedges to more comfortable quarters, to the farmers' barns and stackyards.

In the case of the wood pigeon food alone must be the cause of its visits in such huge numbers to those islands during the winter, when the ranks of our homebred birds are largely reinforced by the addition of many of their cousins from the pine forests of Scandinavia. These flocks of foreign birds are always much larger when our oak woods carry a heavy crop of acorns, though how the birds discover this fact nobody knows. Perhaps they send out scouts in advance and wait for their return before setting out en masse for the land of promise. It seems that some birds are in the habit of dispatching an advance guard to discover whether all is ready for the main body, for an old sand digger, who has spent his summers for years past in company with a host of sand-martins, declared to the writer only a few days ago that a dozen or more of the birds always put in an appearance some days before the rest. This advance body stays for a few hours only and then disappears, and for a week or so no sand-martins are seen. Then suddenly the whole colony, which amounts to several hundred, makes its appearance and settles down for the summer.

One thing that has never been yet satisfactorily explained is the fact that a large proportion of our migrant birds make their sea journey in the dark—a circumstance which is amply proved by the many instances of birds having dashed themselves against the glass of lighthouses by night. One can understand such a thing in the case of nocturnal birds, but why should those whose normal habit it is to be abroad only by day select the hours of darkness for the most perilous part of their journey? If everything has a reason, what is the answer to this most puzzling of migration mysteries?—London Globe.

CAUGHT THE CAPTAIN.

"It takes an artist to appreciate an artist," remarked Gus Rogers, of that famous team, "Rogers Brothers in Panama." "Which reminds me of the soldier who applied for leave of absence with a heartrending tale of a sick wife crying for him. The officer, familiar with the soldier's way, replied:

"'I am afraid you are not telling the truth. I have just received a letter from your wife urging me not to let you come home, because you get drunk, break the furniture, and mistreat her shamefully.'

"The private saluted and started to leave the room. He paused at the door, asking: 'Sor, may I spake to you, not as an officer, but as man to man?'

"'Yes; what is it?'

"'Well, sor, what I am after sayin' is this—' approaching the captain and lowering his voice: 'You and I are two of the most illigant liars the Lord ever made. I'm not married at all.'"—Young's Magazine.

FROM CONSTANT READER.

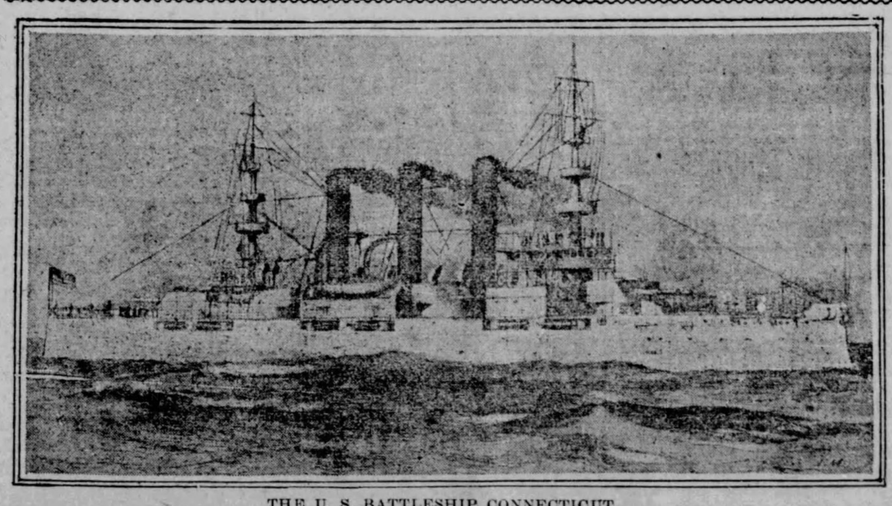
Henry White, our secretary of embassy at Paris, tells of a brilliant reporter on a French journal who holds a strong objection to the note-book, dear to most of his associates.

The Parisian newspaper man wears large white cuffs, and on these he is said to jot down such events as appeal to him, with suggestions for his subsequent articles. At first, the story runs, his laundress was much puzzled by these hieroglyphics, but as time went on she became able to read them, and apparently derived much benefit and pleasure therefrom.

One day the journalist received with his laundered garments a slip of paper on which was written:

"Your last washing was very interesting, but we should be glad to have you give us more political news."—Harper's Weekly.

The Flag Ship of the Atlantic Fleet



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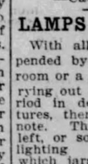

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TROUBLES AND TRIPLETS

I am so glad as I can be;
I seeng, I dance, Signore!
Ah! sooch a lucky man like me
You nevva see bayfore!
Eet ees so like w'en sky ees gray,
Den—queeck!—da sun bu'st through
An' drivin' all da cloud away—
I tal eet all to you.
My wife an' me we no can gat
To mak' our minds da same
W'en leetla boy ees com', for w'at
We gona call hees name.
My Rosa, dat's my wife, she say
She gotta besta right
For call da keed her owna way,
An' so, my frand, we fight.
She say she want her fadder's name,
"Giovanni," but, you see,
I want "Giacobbe" just da same,
Wheech ees da name for me.
Wal, den dees theeng excite us so
An' mak' so beega fuss,
Ees com' my reecha Uncle Joe
For feexin' theeng for us.
But w'en he find how I am set seem
For feex, he tal us: "Wal,
I theenk ees best you calla heem
'Giuseppe' for mysal'!"
Dees mak' da case so bothersom',
My brain ees seem to whirl;
I almost weesh w'en keed ees com'
He gona be a girl.
Eh? No, he was no borna w'en
We fighta deesa way.
No baby eesa leevin' den,
But, see! ees com' today
Not only wan of heem, but three!
Eh? "Treeplets?" Yes, Signora.
Ah! soocha lucky man like me
You nevva see bayfore!
—Catholic Standard and Times.

LAMPS AND ELECTROLIERS

With all the thought and money expended by many people in furnishing a room or a house in a certain fashion, carrying out the style of some historical period in decorations, furniture and pictures, there is often one unharmonizing note. The ordinary chandelier will be left, or some handsome but incongruous lighting arrangement be introduced, which jars upon the sensibilities of the particular person. An exhibition in Manhattan of "period lamps," has attracted much comment from those who have come upon it accidentally and from artists who have gone to examine it. Here are lamps of every age, ancient and modern, plain and ornate, each carefully labeled. The man who has a French drawing room in Renaissance style or furnished in the elaborate fashion of Louis treize, quatorze or quinze, another who owns a colonial mansion, or is fitting up a hall or room in ancient Greek or Egyptian manner may come here and find a lamp exactly suited to his needs. Most of those on

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1907.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

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ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wideawake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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Circulation Last Week 177,000

It is a difficult matter at this season of the year to raise children without lying.

A man has to be born tired in order to be able to do a graceful and artistic job of loafing.

The Pennsylvania man who committed suicide with a safety pin must have been a mollycoddle.

Friends of the third-term rumor should not forget to pass around and view the remains.

Brewers who retired from business a few years ago can see now what long heads they possessed.

Friends of the Taft boom believe that it is strong enough to overcome the endorsement of Wall street.

Every full-grown man should remember that he was a little son-of-a-gun himself at one time.

Surrounded by sixteen battleships, "Fighting Bob" Evans must look quite peaceful to other nations.

The world can't look bright and cheerful to a man who has tried to eat a processed egg for breakfast.

When it comes to a matter of going about with a mysterious air, a woman can beat a man every time.

How insignificant seems our own tale of woe after we have listened to another person's troubles.

A Chicago poet was fined $3 recently by the court. But not for being a poet; there is no law against that.

According to Pedestrian Weston, walking is good for everything, with the possible exception of sore feet.

The interview between President Roosevelt and Tom Watson ought to result in doing Watson some good.

The Prohibitionists should note that it is a "dry" wave, not a prohibition wave that is sweeping over the country.

In refusing to consider another nomination President Roosevelt is just as emphatic as George Washington was.

Speaker Cannon thinks congress can finish its work by April 1. Let's see, what is it that congress is going to do?

A lot of us can remember that when we went to school it was not considered necessary to teach the art of love-making.

Mr. Cortelyou will never be able to convince the country that he hasn't been treated fairly in the matter of promotions.

Mr. Bryan is satisfied with Denver as the convention city. It is one of the towns in which he has never been nominated.

No doubt Senator Jeff Davis believes with all his heart that he has succeeded in giving Arkansas a conspicuous place on the map.

A New York paper says that of methods for punishing children, spanking takes the palm. And the palm often gets stung.

A bottle of liver medicine would make an appropriate present for the man who wishes that Christmas could be left off the calendar.

It will be quite a struggle for some of us to say "Ugh!" and shrug our shoulders every time we are handed a new $20 gold piece.

If President Roosevelt sticks to his determination not to run again, some of his opponents will be mean enough to say he is afraid.

One thing that may be mentioned against Tom Watson's idea of issuing $100,000,000 in greenbacks is the present high price of paper.

An expert makes the declaration that oysters are not harmful. Sure not. They won't even fight back when attacked by man.

A scientist is going to have the world dry as the moon in 50,000,000 years. He has our thanks for not being in a hurry about it.

Here's another score against the Dr. Osler theory. Hon. Henry Gassaway Davis, at the age of 84, is running down a matrimonial rumor.

Men have their little jokes about the amount of talking the women do, but down deep in our hearts how we do love to hear them.

"Man wants but little here below," is a comforting thought at this season of the year, when he will have to be satisfied with a red necktie.

There is a strong probability that Tom Watson is getting ready to make a noise like a hornet's nest during the next Bryan campaign.

An Akron man claims to have invented a machine for making weather. This beats the man who, last year at this time, was going to burn ashes.

It may surprise some people who thought this country was getting along pretty well, to learn that one member of congress from Tennessee has already introduced 300 bills at this session.

Busby, the Independence, Ia., weather prophet, sends The Blade information that we are to have a warm winter, which is a direct contradiction of what Hicks says. We wish it understood that we are not taking sides in this controversy, but will assume a go-it-Hicks-go-it-Busby attitude to the end.

THE SILENCE OF HUGHES.

New York politicians who have been endeavoring to force Governor Hughes into the presidential game confess their keen disappointment over their total failure.

For the governor has maintained a sphinx-like attitude where he has not openly shown impatience whenever the subject is broached in his presence.

Members of his official family have learned to avoid mentioning the governor's name in connection with the presidency.

While Governor Hughes' distaste for political life is well known, it is doubtful if he would refuse the Republican nomination for president. To infer this would be ascribing to him a lack of ambition that seems incredible in a man of his capacity and activity.

But the governor is not blind. He knows that the men who have been foremost in organizing a Hughes movement are not actuated by unselfish or patriotic motives, nor by high regard for him, but because they would use him to break the influence of President Roosevelt. They have picked him out as the most available person for their purpose, because he has given New York a model, conservative administration. He had the courage to force the enactment of the public utilities bill in face of bitter opposition from the politicians, and to veto the two-cent fare bill in spite of popular protest, deeming the one to be a public necessity and the other a probable injustice. The independence and lofty sense of duty displayed by him have made him strong with all true reformers. Thus his record has encouraged the politicians in the belief that he, better than anybody else, would draw from the Roosevelt following, and especially if the President should publicly express his choice of candidates.

If Mr. Hughes were less conscientious or less loyal in his support of the national administration, he might yield to the blandishments of this political cabal, but as conditions are, the program which the plotters offer him is not to his liking. An appeal from other and better sources might change the entire aspect of a situation which, according to the views of the self-appointed Hughes boomers, looks decidedly gloomy.

FOR NATIONAL WATERWAYS.

The slogan of the great waterways convention held recently in Washington, as declared by Secretary Root and reiterated by other speakers, is "a policy and not a project." That is to say, the convention is advocating the improvement of the nation's internal waterways and not of any specific scheme of improvement.

One of the sensations of the convention was the address of J. J. Hill, the railroad magnate. Instead of throwing cold water on the movement, as some anticipated, Mr. Hill went further than those who preceded him in advocacy of a plan. He maintained that a billion and a half dollars should be expended in developing water transportation routes and he scouted the idea that the railroads would be injured thereby.

It is significant that this convention of over 2,000 delegates, representing 37 states, unanimously approved the resolutions which cited the rapid growth of commerce and the need of greater transportation facilities, and called upon congress to consider appropriations for this purpose as an investment on which the American people would realize annually increasing dividends. To undertake the work on the comprehensive plan outlined, the resolutions suggest that not less than $50,000,000 per year for the next decade should be made available by congress.

The work throughout the convention was remarkably harmonious, considering the number of delegates, and this leads to the hope that the result of its deliberations will have a powerful influence on the national law making body.

THE SCHOOL BOARD SUPREME.

Judge Dickinson, of Minneapolis, has refused to order the school board of that city to reinstate Herbert Brooks, a high school senior, who was expelled because he defied the superintendent's edict against Greek letter fraternities. The boy's father took the case into court on the claim that the state law and the rule of the board were both unconstitutional.

The court declared that the intention of the legislature was not vital, for the school board had authority, even if there was no statute touching the subject, to enforce such regulations as it deemed for the best interests of the school. This decision conforms to the ruling of the appellate court of Illinois and also to that of the supreme court in the state of Washington, to the extent that all three recognize the authority of school boards to eliminate the fraternity evil.

It would be remarkable, indeed, if the governing body of the public schools were denied the right to control school life, and we could imagine nothing more demoralizing to the cause of education. Even if it could be demonstrated that the advantages of the fraternity were greater than its disadvantages, still when they who are charged with the management of the schools decide against the fraternity, that decision must stand until revoked or discipline is scattered to the four winds of heaven.

DANGER IN HASTE.

The first Monday of next month the Ohio legislature will meet in biennial session. Already the cry has been raised that the legislative session should be short, some enthusiasts declaring its life should be limited to 30 days.

The demand for such a short session is senseless. There is much business to be transacted. It will be remembered that the session two years ago was cut short by the fatal illness of Governor Pattison. Many important bills were on the calendars of both houses when they adjourned. In the meantime new questions have arisen in the state which need attention. The problem of taxation is in itself of vital importance to the citizens of the state, and the commission which has been sitting during the recess will have a report to make which will need careful consideration before final action is taken.

Then there is banking legislation, county local option, primary election reform, changes in the county salary law, juvenile court legislation and a score of other propositions aside from the general routine work.

Hasty legislation is not desirable. It means long-continued litigation in the courts and in the end many invalid laws. Legislators need to give time to these weighty matters and four or five months is not too long for deliberation and action on proposed laws for this great commonwealth.

STANDS THE JUDICIAL TEST.

The decision of the New York supreme court whereby the constitutionality of the Public Utilities bill is upheld will be of special interest to those commonwealths having in mind the enactment of similar legislation. The court finds that the commission is empowered to fix the rates to be charged by public service corporations, the denial of which right formed the principal basis of the suit.

But the effect of the decision extends beyond the question of rates, for, acting under its interpretation of the law, the commission has forbidden combinations of competing public service corporations and the watering of stocks. William E. Curtis cites as an example the Lockport case where rival gas and electric companies had decided to merge, and had arranged all details even to the printing of the stock which was to be half a million dollars in excess of the combined stock of the old companies. The commission intervened and the deal was declared off.

The successful judicial test of the New York law will inspire activity in like direction in other states. Here in Ohio there has been a steady growth of public opinion in favor of regulating public service corporations and without doubt the decision will have the effect of hastening a campaign having that object in view.

JAPANESE COOLIES.

On the very eve of the fleet's departure for the Pacific coast, Frank Sargent, commissioner general of immigration reports to the government that more Japanese coolies have landed in this country during the last twelve months than in any previous year.

Mr. Sargent says there are two avenues through which these immigrants obtain egress, Mexico and Canada, and he recommends that the United States make treaties with both countries whereby this undesirable influx will be prevented. In the absence of such treaties, it is practically impossible for the government to check the tide. The boundaries are so extensive that it is an easy matter for agents to smuggle the coolies across the line, and once on American soil they are reasonably safe from detection.

BREWERS' PROBATION.

Chief of Police Kohler, of Cleveland, expresses little faith in the declaration of the brewers that they desire to operate with the authorities in regulating the saloons. Mr. Kohler says he welcomes co-operation, but will not rely on it. In other words he does not see why the promise of the brewers should lead him to desist in his purpose of enforcing the law.

It would be well for police officials in other cities to reflect on Chief Kohler's views. If the brewers are in earnest they can be of great help by withdrawing their support from saloonkeepers who violate the law or keep disorderly houses. As long as they extend aid to the dives and conspire with proprietors and bartenders to suppress information which the police are entitled to know, they are not to be trusted as allies in the cleaning-up process.

The brewers should be made to understand that they must prove the sincerity of their avowed reformation by performance. Mere promise is not sufficient.

THEY ALL LIKE IT.

The New York friends of Governor Hughes are confident that President Roosevelt's latest refusal to be a candidate will greatly strengthen the chances of their man.

The supporters of George Bruce Cortelyou are enthusiastics in their expression that it has redounded greatly to the candidacy of the secretary of the treasury.

Adherents of "Uncle Joe" maintain with every appearance of sincerity that now the President is out of the race, nothing can prevent the speaker's nomination.

Likewise, the friends of Charlie Fairbanks and Joey Foraker are jubilant over the effect the President's declaration will have in boosting their respective games.

And Secretary Taft's champions have joined the joyful chorus and insist that the President is paving the way to do more effective work for his favorite cabinet officer.

It is seldom, indeed, that a statement from the White House receives such hearty approbation from party leaders as that which has been accorded the "reiteration." The President must begin to feel that he has contributed materially to the Christmas cheer of the Republican poliaicians.

CORTELYOU'S GRIEVANCE.

President Roosevelt's notice to federal officeholders to cease their activities in spreading the third term propaganda apparently has started trouble of no mean proportions.

Immediately after issuing this notice, he announced that he had not changed his views respecting the third term, but stood exactly where he stood when he gave out his memorable statement on the night of election, 1904.

Before the politicians could get their breaths, the report was sent out broadcast from Washington that the President had discovered hidden beneath the cloak of the third term movement a carefully planned coup in the interests of Secretary Cortelyou, and the natural inference was that this revelation had forced the President's hand.

Obviously the secretary of the treasury could not remain silent under the implied imputation, and while he has given out no signed statement, he has furnished some of his friends the cue and they are telling how Mr. Cortelyou came to be a receptive candidate, his decision dating from a visit to Oyster Bay, when he called on the President and put the matter squarely up to him. And these friends are maintaining that Mr. Cortelyou was then advised to become a candidate, that the President's sole interest was to have a successor who was in touch and harmony with the administration's policies. Under the circumstances Mr. Cortelyou, so his sponsors affirm, believes that he has not been given a square deal at the White House.

It is always dangerous to attach too much credence to political gossip, but there is so much of fact woven into this fabric as to make it proper material for analysis. Mr. Cortelyou, no doubt, feels aggrieved, but up to the present time he has maintained his proverbial equipoise. It may develop that the entire sensation is based on trifling incidents, or perhaps on a slight misunderstanding and that the politicians, grasping at every conceivable straw to create a schism in the cabinet, are making a mountain out of a mole hill. If this be the situation, both the President and Mr. Cortelyou are too well versed in political wisdom to pay serious heed to an artificial tempest.

But on the other hand, if there is a breach in the intimate relations which the President and his cabinet officer have sustained, the effect on future political history no doubt will be far-reaching. One of the first results would be the resignation of Mr. Cortelyou, followed by his open candidacy in opposition to Mr. Taft, who is regarded as the President's choice, and possibly the concentration of anti-administration forces in Cortelyou's favor, the last mentioned assuming that the secretary of the treasury meets the requirements of these forces.

Without some such assurance of concerted action, we question very much if Mr. Cortelyou will be an important factor in the Chicago convention. With that assurance, the issue would be fairly well defined and Mr. Taft's friends will not dodge it.

DAVIS OF ARKANSAS.

No one could blame "Pitchfork Ben" if he threw up his job at Washington in disgust and returned to South Carolina. Accustomed to holding the center of the stage in the senate whenever there were any "thatricals" to be pulled off, Mr. Tillman finds himself suddenly jostled to one side by a first year man from Arkansas. Why there were bristles from the razorbacks still clinging to Jeff Davis' coattails when he arose in the senate yesterday and delivered his philippic against the trusts and consigned John D. Rockefeller to a dark dungeon.

There were no frills to Senator Davis' maiden speech. It was plain raw English "as she is spoke" in Arkansas. Vehement throughout, frequently sarcastic and occasionally eloquent even in his crudities, he showed no mercy for the men who through combinations have piled up millions for themselves and for the corporations they represent. Others have done it before him, some perhaps more effectively, but none more ingenuously.

It must have made Ben feel quite like a rational being to hear the Arkansan's diatribe.

A PROTEST IN FIGURES.

The Pennsylvania Railroad company reports a reduction of $64,000 in passenger earnings on lines within the state of Pennsylvania and charges it to the two-cent rate, October being the first month of the law's operation.

As The Blade explained recently, an arbitrary rate for all the passenger lines in a state might work a grave injustice, for account should be taken both of the cost of construction and maintenance and the character of the territory traversed in respect to population. The Pennsylvania operates a good many branches in the Keystone state that may be dead weights even at a three-cent rate, while other roads independent of the Pennsylvania, and lacking the latter's profitable feeders, may be at still greater disadvantage.

But The Blade is not convinced that the Pennsylvania's October statement is a fair criterion from which to judge the operation of the two-cent rate. The recent flurry in the money market no doubt had a depressing effect on the passenger business, and we would prefer to wait for the first quarter's record before passing opinion on the effect of the law in this particular instance.

BRYAN AT FREEPORT.

The other day, in Freeport, Ill., Mr. Bryan opened his third campaign for the presidency. He was favored with fair weather, a huge audience and J. Ham. Lewis, a combination that ought to rekindle hope in the Great Commoner's breast.

With perfect propriety Mr. Bryan's theme might be called "The Theft of Democracy's Livery," for the burden of his song was that whatever is bad of the Republican party is inherent Republicanism, and whatever is good of it has been stolen from Democratic platforms, and from his own utterances. He finds much that is commendable in President Roosevelt because the latter, so he says, has been applying Democratic doctrine to the government with satisfactory results.

Mr. Bryan discussed the kind of a platform which he thinks should be drafted by the Democratic convention and mentioned four propositions which should command chief consideration, namely, currency reform, tariff reform, arbitration of labor troubles and trust regulation.

Of couse, he has not yet set himself to the task of writing out a currency reform measure, but it may help him somewhat to know that when the Democratic members of the house committee on banking and currency met the other day in caucus to map out a plan of action, it was found, after a fruitless discussion, that no two of them could agree, everyone having a bill which he considered covered the situation exactly. We fear Mr. Bryan's plank on currency reform will meet the same fate in the convention, that is, if the delegates take enough interest in the proceedings to express themselves.

Nor was Mr. Bryan more specific in his discussion of tariff reform, although we suppose he will steer between the two extremes rather than stand on a free trade platform which has broken down so often that few Democrats having political ambitions are willing to trust their weight on it.

In the matter of labor and trusts it is conjectured that Mr. Bryan purposes rescuing these pilfered principles from ruthless Roosevelt hands and restoring them to their places in the Democratic creed.

Mr. Bryan talks about arbitration of labor troubles, while President Roosevelt is advocating compulsory arbitration, and as to trusts, even Mr. Bryan must acknowledge that the Republican administration is making more than a pretense of regulation. It is the "galled jade" that winces.

While the Freeport opening was all that could be desired in its environmental aspects, the inspiration to say something which would go tripping down the corridors of time hand in hand with "the cross of gold" utterance was lacking; there seemed to be an absence of the spontaneous enthusiasm which in the days of '96 characterized the Bryan meetings and carried his admirers off their feet.

Perhaps after his two falls, the Nebraskan gets dizzy whenever he strives to reach sublime heights, and then again the presence of the mighty J. Ham. may have overpowered him.

THE GAME OF SPECULATION.

The return of Ambassador Bryce to England, coming so soon after the announcement of Aoki's recall has furnished the political prophets material for new sensations. They couple these two events together as bearing a common relation to the departure of American battleships for the Pacific coast.

Japan sent for her ambassador, it is asserted, to learn first-hand how he diagnoses the program of the Washington administration, and if, in his opinion, the presence of the American battleships in western waters should be regarded by Japan as a menace or as an olive branch.

The English ambassador was ordered home to inform the government of the status of the American-Japanese situation. This deduction, it is claimed, is natural, because England and Japan are allies, and hence England is interested in any international complication threatening to involve Japan.

The fact that Takahira, one of the most conservative diplomats of the present day, and one of this country's best friends, has been appointed to succeed Aoki, is not considered by these prophets, for it might spoil a good story.

Nor can they conceive that Mr. Bryce, having completed his term, as he limited it when he accepted the portfolio, has been withdrawn by his own request and for his own personal convenience. Such a conclusion would narrow the horizon of prophetic speculation and leave scarcely nothing to be said.

Foretelling world events is almost as pleasant a diversion as the game of chess and much more remunerative. Only sometimes the men who are trotted out on the stage by the writer's fancy, unlike the wooden pieces on the board, won't stay put.

KENTUCKY'S NEW REGIME.

Light is breaking over the "Bloody Ground."

Old Kentucky once more has been redeemed from Democratic rule and the new Republican governor has given voice to sentiments that inspire the people with new courage.

It is seven years since the disgraceful election that culminated in the assassination of Goebel and the exile of ex-Governor Taylor, and these years have been years of political strife and apprehension.

In his inaugural address the other day, Governor Willson appealed to the people to redeem the fair name of the state by co-operating with him in his efforts to suppress crime, violence and disorder, "which shame us in the sight of God and man, and to drive out the brutal menace of mob law." His address was heard by a remarkable assemblage of Kentuckians, and the character of its reception showed plainly that he had touched a popular chord.

The new administration is ushered in at a time when the lawlessness of the "night riders" in the tobacco districts is attracting public attention to the state. Governor Beckham had already dispatched troops to the scene of the disturbance, but made little headway against the rioters. The manner in which Governor Willson handles the situation will furnish a line on Kentucky's prospects for peace. Nothing short of the most drastic measures will check the mob spirit that is alive in several sections of the commonwealth, but if we are not mistaken, the new executive will prove himself fully equal to the occasion.

And success in this crisis will insure the retention of Kentucky in the Republican column for years to come.

DENVER, JULY SEVENTH.

After all, money talks.

That "cross of gold" is not so much of a bugbear to the Bryanites as it was a few years ago.

Denver was awarded the Democratic national convention because she came forward with a pile of the precious metal that none of the other contestants for the honor could or would match.

Democrats may virtuously spurn the contributions of private corporations for campaign purposes, but it is another matter when a municipal corporation plunks $100,000 in gold before their very eyes as the price it is willing to pay for the privilege of securing the great national powwow.

The date—July 7th—is considerably later than was anticipated. Some members of the committee even advocated the plan of holding the convention early in June, before the Republican convention, but it developed that the question of time was considered unimportant, and the location probably determined the date.

WHAT'S UNDER THE SURFACE?

Germany, it is reported, has decided on a program for extensive naval expansion, involving the expenditure of nearly a billion of dollars, during the next decade. In spite of all efforts to bring about a better feeling between that country and England, the situation is not assuring, and Germany believes that she can held her position only by constructing a navy that will be on a parity with England's navy.

The United States is furnishing the world a spectacle in naval maneuvers by sending Admiral Evans and his sixteen battleships to the Pacific, and it is one that will stimulate navy building in every quarter of the globe.

The administration apparently anticipates this, for it has already recommended the construction of four new battleships, although the addition of two every year, it is claimed, will keep the navy up to its present degree of efficiency.

The laity confesses that it is mystified over what seems an inconsistency. Assuming that the excursion to the Pacific is only what it is claimed to be,a practice cruise, designed to make the officers and men better acquainted with their duties, what is the use, if there is any virtue in The Hague conferences? What new shadow is crossing our path that we need to increase our fighting strength? Or is this talk of peace a mere bluff to cover preparations for wholesale bloodletting?

It will cost this nation millions of dollars before Evans returns to the Atlantic, even if his work is confined to the published program. The ships under his command represent an outlay of nearly $60,000,000, and it will be a remarkable achievement if this magnificent fleet combats nature's elements unscathed. And it has been demonstrated throughout our history that the American marine can be depended upon in a fight, even though he has not been constantly put through the various degrees of gun practice.

If there were no organized movement on the part of the great powers to guarantee the peace of the world, there could be no criticism of the activities for naval expansion, and the mobilization of the American fleet in Pacific waters would seem the most natural thing in the world. If there were no concert of action among civilized peoples to minimize the horrors of war and to reduce the possibilities of international conflict, the necessity for maintaining a powerful army and navy would appeal to every nation as the surest means of self-protection.

But there is such a movement and at least a pretended concert of action, and because there is, the desire for tremendous fighting machinery strikes a discordant note. For as long as individual nations follow their talks for peace with demonstrations of force, there will be no peace. We do not find Quakers strutting around with chips on their shoulders.

THE PRESIDENT REAFFIRMS.

Repeating his declaration made on the night of election 1904, that "under no circumstances will I be a candidate for, or accept another nomination," President Roosevelt last night added this terse sentence: "I have not changed and shall not change the decision thus announced."

This may or may not put an effectual stop to the third term talk. Many friends of the President, while not questioning the sincerity of his early statement, have stoutly maintained that it must be interpreted conditionally; that while it expressed his personal wish, he must yield to the party dictates and public demand. Hence, going on the assumption that the people wanted him to remain in the White House they have been conscientiously lending their aid to the third term movement.

These enthusiasts must now, perforce, look elsewhere.

As for the politicians who have been persistently charging him with an ambition to succeed himself, they are in exactly the same position as they were before. They have no more reason for accepting his later declaration than they had for accepting the former. They were emphatic in the opinion that the President didn't mean what he said when he issued the statement in 1904; with equal consistency they can discredit the reinforced statement. And, if it suits their political purpose to take this view of it, no doubt they will continue to parade the third term bogie.

Naturally, Democratic leaders, and especially those of the Bryan persuasion, will feel some elation over the President's course. Their one fear has been all along that the President's enemies in his own party would force him to become a candidate for another term, and thereby deprive them even of a fighting chance. But with Roosevelt safely out of the game, they have already begun to take on new courage, and are manifesting signs of unwonted activity.

Likewise the President's reaffirmation will be the signal for starting the ball in Republican circles, and it will be the field against the man whom Roosevelt favors. Getting rid of Roosevelt is not more important in the eyes of the politicians than getting rid of Rooseveltism, and from now on they will bend their united energies to this purpose. Yet it is as clear as the noon-day sun that if they force on the convention a candidate who is notoriously opposed to the Roosevelt policies, that candidate will not be the next President.

A LEGISLATIVE GRAFT.

Imagine a more glaring inconsistency in official life than the action of the Ohio legislators in passing a two cent rate bill and at the same time drawing an allowance of 12 cents per mile from the state for traveling to and from their respective homes!

If the increase in salary from $600 to $1,000 which the members voted themselves was not deemed sufficient, why did they not vote a larger increase and do away with the petty graft system which has so long been the bane of public life?

Why the necessity for legislators to draw more in mileage allowance than the railroads are permitted to charge for the transportation?

And this same legislature passed a salary bill eliminating a fee system that had been universally condemned as iniquitous.

The law which granted this excessive mileage should be amended at the next session.

It is not what it purports to be, a measure to remunerate members for public service actually performed, and is therefore immoral in principle. Because it does not treat all members alike, yielding the most profit to the members living farthest from the capital, it is inequitable in its application. And not an argument can be advanced in its defense.

DEADLY GRADE CROSSINGS.

In its annual report the railroad commission of Ohio urges legislation looking to the abolition of the grade crossing. It finds from statistics that in the last three years, 30 per cent. of the railroad fatalities in Ohio are chargeable to the crossings at grade while hundreds of people have been more or less seriously injured." These figures," says the report, "are alarming and they grow in proportion as the population multiplies and traffic expands."

The commission recommends, if the constitution permits, that it be given power to initiate proceedings to require separation of grades and after a hearing from all parties interested, to make the proper order.

Attention is called to the progress of the reform in New Hampshire, where, with a mileage of 1,100, 576 crossings have been abolished at a total expenditure of $24,000,000, 65 per cent, of which is paid by the railroads and the balance by the state and municipalities. Other states have made rapid progress in this direction, but for lack of legislation little has been done in Ohio to improve conditions.

It is almost incredible that a civilized people could endure so heavy a sacrifice of life without more than a casual word of protest. Nor is it true that the difference in the cost between grade and off-grade crossings is so much money saved to the companies. The Blade believes that there are grade crossings in Toledo for example that have cost the railroads more than an equivalent of the expense of changing the grade. But even if this were not true, humanity pleads for a removal of these death traps, whatever the cost. And there is a way of determining an equitable division of the expense between the company and the community, so that no hardship may fall on either.

The railroad commission's report in this particular should be made the subject of earnest inquiry by the next legislature. One thing should be borne in mind—the abolition of grade crossings will come sooner or later, and the longer the reform is delayed, the greater will be the cost.

RATE BILL PROFITABLE.

Actual experience does not appear to realize the fears which some people expressed when the two-cent fare bill was passed—that the railroads would suffer heavy financial loss.

On the contrary, according to the Ohio railroad commission's report, the net increase to 47 railroads in passenger train earnings during the last year has been over a million and a half dollars, while the earnings per train mile are $1.05 as against $1.02 for 1906. And as the report says, account must be taken, in this connection, of the fact that disastrous floods in eastern and southern Ohio had a detrimental influence on the passenger earnings.

The claims of those who advocated the passage of the bill, that the increase of traffic by reason of the reduced fare would offset the difference in fare, seem to be amply justified, for the commission finds that the railroads carried over 3,000,000 passengers more than they carried during the previous year. Then the gain by reason of the abolition of passes and excursion rates is no inconsiderable item in railroad economics.

While these figures furnish a view of the general situation, they do not reflect conditions in certain sections of the state. Fourteen of the 47 railroads show a net loss in passenger earnings and this feature of the report may be called to the attention of the legislature. It is a difficult matter to establish an arbitrary rate that is just to all the railroads in an extensive territory. Cost of construction and maintenance varies. A railroad traversing a densely populated section can prosper on a lower rate than can a railroad traversing a sparsely settled community. A graded rate based on a classification of railroads according to their initial cost of construction and other features that determine their earning capacity, it would seem, would be more equitable all around.

QUEER POLITICAL TACTICS.

While The Blade has discovered no reason yet for altering its opinion concerning the attitude of President Roosevelt toward a renomination since he made his first formal declaration on the night of election, more than three years ago, it must be admitted that the methods of those who profess to mistrust him are beyond comprehension.

If the constant assaults on his policies came from other sources, suspicion would be disarmed. But when there is manifest an organized campaign on the part of those interests that have been hardest hit by the activities of the administration in the direction of law enforcement, to discredit the President in the eyes of the people, it is an inference that the contest is being waged by these interests for some particular candidate from whom they have assurance, implied or guaranteed, that these activities in the event of his election, will cease.

Should it become reasonably certain that such a condition exists and that there was danger of these interests dominating the work of the national convention, we have no doubt that the President would regard it his paramount duty to check the movement in the most effective manner. We do not believe the emergency has yet arisen, nor are we fearful that it will arise. The interests that are frantically hostile to the President are totally lacking in popular support. Indeed, the more vicious their attacks, the more firmly convinced the people become that the policies of the administration must be sustained. And it is a point to bear in mind that this conviction is not confined within party boundaries.

The latest evidence offered by the administration's enemies that the President is laying his plans for a renomination, is that he failed to declare himself to the national committee. As a matter of fact, constant reiteration would be strong ground for suspicion. The word of the honest man is not made more binding by repetition. It is sufficient that the President once defined his attitude and that no condition has since developed which would compel him, from a sense of duty, to sacrifice his personal wishes for the public welfare. Such a condition can be created only by the men who are most eager for his retirement.

FROM WAR TO PEACE

The sensationalists who are forever shrieking about "the yellow peril" should be quiet for a brief period and listen to the news from Japan. Instead of appropriating the usual amount for the army and navy, the government has materially reduced its war budget, at the same time increasing taxes by a considerable per cent.

This step admits of but one interpretation—Japan, instead of trying to provoke another war, is turning her attention to the pursuits of peace, raising revenues to pay off the heavy debt incurred in the last war, and developing her resources. This program ought to be reassuring to those who have tremblingly proclaimed that Japan is covetous of American territory, but excites no surprise among those who have followed recent Japanese history.

There is a report in Europe that King Alfonso is henpecked. Should it turn out to be false the court gossips will no doubt feel grievously disappointed.

It is with kings as with other men. After they are dead we learn how good they were.

VARIETIES

New Jersey farmer declares his life was saved by ghost of his wife.

The world's Sunday schools total 262,000, with 26,000,000 attendants.

The laws of Norway compel a man who chops down one tree to plant two.

Sixty carloads of Canadian-made harvesting machinery have been ordered for Siberia.

The highest point at which man can live without his health being seriously affected is 16,500 feet.

Dean of Yale declared that pugilistic pupils made best scholarships; that boys neglected their studies.

Don Carlos, pretender to Spanish throne, visited pope; wants aid in his attempt to regain throne.

General Kouropatkin gives testimony favorable to General Stoessel at latter's trial by court-martial of the latter.

L. L. Frank, of Pottsville, Pa., has been refused admission to the county bar on the ground that he is addicted to the use of tobacco.

Navy department at Washington is struggling with the problem as to which bureau should shoe a mule. It relished an icebox.

Out of an average annual loss to the world's shipping of 2,172 vessels, 964 are completely missing and never heard from again.

Imports into Canada in 1907 (estimated) from the United States will amount to $165,000,000, against only $78,000,000 from Great Britain.

New York ice dealers are beginning to look for weather that will freeze them a crop. They will need 4,500,000 tons of ice to supply the city next year.

A disappearing paper has now been devised for lovers' correspondence. It is steeped in sulphuric acid, and after a certain time it crumbles into dust.

The largest percentage of organized workers is found in Denmark. Here the population is unionized. Switzerland is a close second, with Germany next.

The population of Cuba numbers approximately 1,700,000, and is almost equally divided between the natives, whites of Spanish origin and negroes and mixed races.

Postmaster Walls, of Georgetown, Del., has ordered the doors of the postoffice closed until the mail can be distributed on account of disturbance caused by the love-making of the young people.

Gale C. Hosking, of Colorado Springs, born blind, has been made to see in a hospital in Cleveland. He has been married 20 years, and the first object he saw was the face of his wife.

Because he has not displayed the alacrity expected of him in prosecuting land fraud cases the nomination of William C. Bristol to be United States attorney for Oregon will be withdrawn.

The total gold output in October of the Transvaal mines was 788,000 ounces of fine gold, an increase of 519 ounces over September, 1907. In October, 1906, the output was 540,000 ounces.

A St. Louis paper says that baseball day was forgotten recently in that city by the women, who were so absorbed in the unusual number of divorce cases. Judge Shields had 43, Judge Sale 30, and Judge Kinsey 30.

Mr. Thompson, Canadian member of Parliament for Yukon, declares that within five years the Klondike gold output will reach $20,000,000 a year as the result of the operations of the new dredging companies.

While cutting down a pear tree at Ashkekon, Pa., John Bently struck with his axe a diamond-studded watch chain lost by his maternal grandfather in 1861. The charm had lodged in a crack and the tree had grown completely around it.

William Kronsy, of Philadelphia, invited friends to see his first-born christened but when all was ready the child could not be found. After a search of several hours a cry disclosed the fact that the baby was in an old grandfather's clock where it had been placed by one of the guests as a joke.

In China the natives preserve vegetables by coating them with salt and drying them in the sun. Hams are cured by means of an alkaline earth and common salt. Pickled eggs are preserved with a compound of common mud, saltpeter and soy bean sauce.

It has been roughly estimated that the amount of capital invested in manufacturing in the United States is by this time $17,000,000,000. The census of 1900 placed it at $15,000,000,000. The increase of $2,000,000,000 in a period of seven years shows a gain of 13.3 per cent.

Although the sovereignty of China has been theoretically restored in Manchuria, the Manchurian railway refuses to carry Chinese mails unless they are sent through the Japanese postoffice and international rates paid on what is considered Chinese inland correspondence.

The natives of Borneo place rudely carved images of female figures by the side of the entrances to their huts. The image represents a goddess, which protects the house from any harm or sickness. If there should be any illness previous to the placing of the image at the entrance, she is believed to prevent it from becoming worse.

A good cry is a solace to many women. It steadies the nerves and, added to a cup of tea and an interesting story, fulfils their idea of supreme happiness. Aroused from the perusal of their books with red eyes, swelled features and a soppy pocket handkerchief, they feel their time has not been wasted.—Lady Violet Greville, in London Chronicle.

Senator Borah, of Idaho, is a massive man, with a massive face. His hat will fall down upon the shoulders of the average man. He has a deep, musical voice and a whimsical way of expressing himself that at once makes the stranger feel perfectly at home in his company. He is never in too big a hurry to be friendly and he replies directly to any question.

The number of American students in the University of Berlin has fallen to the smallest figure on record. Only sixty-seven men and twenty-seven women from America are enrolled on the university books, as compared with a total of more than 200 three years ago and more than 400 ten years ago. A similar state of affairs is said to exist at Heidelberg, Gottingen, Jena, Leipsic, Halle and other prominent universities.

According to the Shipping World, London, the new high speed turbine torpedo-boat destroyer Mohawk, which recently had several trial speed runs with forced draft in the North sea, is one of the fastest war vessels in the world. While all the official figures concerning her speed tests have not been made public, it has been learned that she maintained for six hours a speed of 34½ knots and later warmed up to a quarter of a knot better on six consecutive tests over a mile course.

Among the curiosities of human invention are the small gondola-shaped floats called caballitos (little horses) employed by fishermen on the coast of Peru. They are made of canes, closely bound together, with high turned-up prow. The rider rests on his knees and guides his water-pony with a paddle. He goes over the roughest waves and penetrates the surf and breakers without fear. Occasionally he is unmounted, but immediately regains his seat. His little raft is unsinkable and he defies the stormiest sea, although of course he never goes far from land.

Another wireless telephonic feat has just been accomplished by the Amalgamated Radio Telegraph company, of Berlin, Germany. Perfect communication was obtained over 50 miles of land between the company's laboratory near Berlin, and a small station at Osterbog. This feat is regarded as even more remarkable since the wireless city, with its multitude of disquieting influence intervened. It is said that long-distance communication by wireless was achieved by using the undamped and continuous waves generated by the Poulsen system, and that questions and answers were exchanged without interruption.

FARMERS AT A DISCOU

No one who has traveled in Eu and has observed even casually have failed to note the superiority agricultural processes there. It shock to come home and scan countryside with its abandoned bramble-covered fences, weedy ture lands and untended buildi In the general hurry of America have gone from one soil to another with our few crops, taking out never giving back. We have no of people who think it an honor farmers, or, if we have, the sens pride is lost after one generation. and daughters are restless to set to the cities, where they can find joyments and privileges that life does not afford. Even the ge man farmer who goes out from to settle beside the real sons of soil does not succeed in making fashionable for them.—Philadelp Public Ledger.

TOLEDO BLADE PATTERNS

FROM THE LATEST PARIS AND NEW YORK STYLES

These designs are practical and adapted to the home dressmaker. Full directions how to cut and how to make the garments will be sent with each pattern.

The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also.

2203—Ladies' Tucked Shirt Waist. This beautiful waist which has the Gibson effect, will develop well in any material. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2185—Ladies' Tucked Shirt Waist, Closed at Left Side of Front. Shadow plaid silk, taffetas or surah silk are all appropriate for this model. 8 sizes—32 to 46.

2202—Men's Pajamas with Standing Band or Rolling Collar. Striped silk gingham or madras are suitable materials for this garment. 5 sizes—34, 36, 38, 42 and 46.

2187—Ladies' Nine-Gored Plaited Skirt. This is an excellent model for the separate skirt and will develop well in tailor suiting. 6 sizes—22 to 32.

2192—Child's Dress, with High or Low Neck, Long or Short Sleeves, and with or without the Bertha. A very pretty party dress. 4 sizes—½ to 5 years.

2172—Girls' Tucked Dress, with Guimpe. A charming frock developed in shepherd's plaid. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

1830—Misses' Tucked Shirt Waist with Detached Collar. A good model for linen, flannel or taffetas. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

1759—Misses' and Girls' Square Yoke Night Gown. Cambric, nainsook, Persian lawn or flannelette all develop well in this model. 6 sizes—7 to 17 years.

1633—Child's Empire Coat with Body Lining. A pretty model for velvet or broadcloth in any shade. 4 sizes—1 to 7 years.

1758—Ladies' Five-Gored Skirt, in Sweep or Round Length. To be shirred or gathered at the top. In any of the fine materials it would make a very pretty evening garment. 7 sizes—22 to 34

2179—Ladies' Princess Wrapper, in Short-Sweep or Round Length, with Bishop or Plain Sleeves and Rolling or Standing Collar. 8 sizes—32 to 46.

2194—Misses' Evening Coat. Broadcloth is one of the leading materials in which these coats are made. 4 sizes—14 to 17 years.

2188—Misses' Tucked Shirt Waist with Long or Three-Quarter Length Sleeves. Any material from taffetas to surah silk adapts itself to this model. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2171—Ladies' Double-breasted Dressing Sack. This design is particularly good for elderdown or canton flannel. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

1341—Ladies' Circular Skirt. Mohair, voiles and Panama cloth are all adaptable to this model. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

2184—Misses Nine-Gored Plaited Skirt. As a separate skirt to wear with Shirt waists, or as a part of a tailor-made suit this is an excellent model. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2178—Girls' Coat, Closed at Left Side. A mixed tweed in green and red has been used for this jaunty little coat. Sizes—6 to 12 years.

2196—Child's Suspender Dress, with Guimpe. In shepherd's plaid over a guimpe of white French flannel this model is charming. 4 sizes—3 to 9 years.

1874—Misses' Tucked Jumper, Slipped on Over the Head. Very simple to make and becoming when worn. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

1397—Ladies' Tucked Yoke Waist, without Under-Arm Sleeves, with Long or Elbow Sleeves and Body and Sleeves Lining. A very charming model for an evening waist. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

1419—Ladies' Shirt Waist, with Long or Elbow Sleeves. In white linen and trimmed with motifs of hand embroidery this is a very dainty model. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

1895—Misses' Empire Dress, the Waist with Elbow Sleeves and High or Low Neck and the Five-Gored Skirt gathered and Joined to the Waist. 4 sizes—11 to 17 years.

2199—Ladies' Long Box Coat. As a protection against the changes of weather there is nothing more serviceable. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2175—Ladies' Coat with Side Portion and Sleeves in One. The model here illustrated develops well in velvet and any of the season's cloths. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

TELLS OF MONEY PANIC

Comptroller of Currency Says Ample Warning Was Given.

Says Elastic Currency Must Be Provided — Favors the Central Bank Plan.

Washington, Dec. 16.—That the country had ample warning of the recent financial flurry, that the conditions were due to a lack of confidence of the banks in themselves and that we must provide a more elastic currency, preferably through the establishment by the government of a central bank of issue and reserve, are some of the most noticeable statements in the annual report of Comptroller of the Currency Ridgeley, made public today.

Confidence is only in a measure restored, says the comptroller, and while progress is being made, it is of necessity very slow; in the meantime we have a real emergency to face.

With regard to the financial troubles of 1907 the report says:

"Certainly since as long ago as the date of the San Francisco catastrophe there has been no lack of warning indications of financial troubles and possible business disaster. For at least ten or twelve years there has been an era of advancing prices and great industrial, commercial, and speculative activity in all the countries of the world. Credits have increased and multiplied until the limit has been reached in the amount of reserve money on which they must be based.

Conditions World Wide.

"For at least two or three years, however, it has been more and more evident that there must soon be a slackening of pace if we were to avoid a general and universal crisis in financial and commercial affairs. These conditions have been world-wide and not by any means confined to the United States. Crises of more or less severity have arisen in several important countries. As is always the case when there is a demand for liquidation, it first manifested itself in the stock market. For months there has been a more or less steady decline in stock-market quotations. Not only stocks, but the very best bonds, have dropped lower and lower in price.

"With such conditions existing we approached the autumn crop-moving period, when there is always more or less disturbance of credits on account of currency shipments and withdrawals of balances from the reserve cities. For a time it seemed as if there were good reason to hope that there might be no more than a gradual liquidation which might be conducted in detail, one interest or line at a time, beginning with the stock market, and that while there might be a general decline in the volume of trade and the gradual liquidation of credits, it would not develop into a bank or commercial crisis. But during the month of October the collapse of a highly speculative corner in stocks, dealt in on the "curb" in New York—not even listed on any regular exchange—brought suspicion upon an old, well-established national bank in the city of New York."

Cause of Flurry.

The report details the runs on the various big banking institutions and the issuance of clearing house certificates. It then continues:

"The conditions which led to the panic of October and November, 1907, were not due to the failure of a few individual banks. They were not due to the lack of confidence of the people in the banks, but more to a lack of confidence of the banks in themselves and their reserves. Banks have been fearful that the reserve system would break down, and in consequence it has broken down, and the reserve deposits have been only partially available. They were also fearful that not sufficient currency could be supplied to meet the demand, and as they all made the demand at once, there has not been sufficient currency. The result has been a currency famine.

"The remedy for this state of affairs is to improve the reserve system so that the reserve deposits of the banks can be kept in a bank where they are surely and certainly available. We must impart to our currency system some element of elasticity, so that, when there comes a sudden demand for currency it can be supplied in bank notes, without depleting the supply of reserve money.

"These two most desirable changes can be best accomplished—in fact, they can only be satisfactorily accomplished—through the establishment by the government of a central bank of issue and reserve. This is the system which has been adopted and found to work most satisfactorily in the great commercial countries of Europe and is the one that gives the surest promise of satisfactory operation in this country.

Chief Weakness.

"Such a bank would not only solve the two great problems of our banking system, but it would also provide the machinery for conducting the treasury operations in their relations to the banks with the least disturbance.

"The chief weakness of our present national banking system is the provision in regard to reserve deposits, which piles reserve on reserve, in reserve cities and central reserve cities, without requiring a sufficient amount of actual cash reserve on hand. As we have seen in the present crisis, when a real emergency arises these reserves are not reserves at all, because they may in a day become unavailable.

"The people of all the world have been overtrading for years, especially in the United States, and this extension was inevitable and doubtless desirable, but it might and should have been more gradual and should not have had its greatest effect on our banks. Many firms might have failed and probably some banks which were badly extended or loaded up with speculative loans and securities. We should have had a gradual, though considerable, reduction in the volume of all kinds of business and a wholesale period of economy and more normal living and trading. This would have been, in the end, beneficial, and a wonderful part of the cooperative resources and wealth of the United States any business properly managed and based on right conditions would soon have improved and have been as prosperous as ever.

What Is Needed.

"There is no reason at all that our banks, as a whole, should have become involved as they have and not only their business, but that of all their customers, have been so disturbed as it is today. All that is needed to have prevented this is a proper system of credit bank-note currency and bank reserves, both of which could have been supplied by the central bank of issue and reserve."

The total number of failures during the year was 34. The school savings system is now in operation in 1,098 schools in 113 cities of the United States and Canada and the pupils have deposited $5,485,514.48. The total stock of money in the United States July 1, 1907, was $3,115,600,000.

The latest report shows that the world's stock of money at the beginning of the present calendar year was $14,280,100,000.

The Big Battleship Fleet and Commanding Officers

Old Point Comfort, Va., Dec. 16.—The battleship fleet, with its commanding officers, is as follows:

Commander-in-Chief, Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans.

First Squadron—First Division: Connecticut (flagship of commander-in-chief), 16,000 tons; Captain Hugo Osterhaus; Lieutenant Commander Robert B. Higgins, fleet engineer. Louisiana, 16,000 tons; Captain Richard Wainwright. Kansas, 16,000 tons; Captain Charles E. Vreeland. Vermont, 16,000 tons; Captain William P. Potter.

Second Division—Rear Admiral William H. Emery, commander. Georgia, (flagship) 14,948 tons; Captain Henry McCrea. Virginia, 14,948 tons; Captain Seaton Schroeder. New Jersey, 14,948 tons; Captain William H. H. Southerland.. Rhode Island, 14,948 tons; Captain James B. Murdock.

Second Squadron—Rear Admiral C. M. Thomas, commander.. Third Division: Minnesota, (flag ship) 16,000 tons; Captain John Hubbard. Ohio, 12,500 tons; Captain Charles W. Bartlett. Maine, 12,500 tons; Captain Giles B. Harbeer. Missouri, 12,500 tons; Captain Greenlief A. Merriam.

Fourth Division—Rear Admiral C. S. Sperry, commander. Alabama, 11,525 tons; Captain Samuel Ten Eyeck Veeder. Illinois, 11,525 tons; Captain John M. Bowyer. Kearsarge, 11,525 tons; Captain Hamilton Hutchins. Kentucky, 11,525 tons; Captain W. C. Cowles.

Fleet Auxiliaries—Culgoa, (supply ship) 5,725 tons; Lieut. Commander John B. Patton. Glacier (supply ship) 7,000 tons; Commander William S. Hogg. Panther (repair ship) 3,380 tons; Commander V. S. Nelson. Yankton, (tender) 975 tons; Lieutenant Walter R. Gehrardi.

FLEET BEGINS CRUISE

Backbone of American Navy Starts for Pacific Ocean.

First Stop Will Be Made at Trinidad, Where Christmas Will Be Celebrated.

Old Point Comfort, Va., Dec. 16.—The backbone of the American navy, 16 first-class battleships, under command of Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans, set sail today for the Pacific ocean—a 14,000 miles cruise, which has set all the world to talking.

Parading in review before the President of the United States and saluting as they went, the stately white vessels drew anchors from the rendezvous ground of Hampton Roads, steamed out of the famous old Virginia Capes and were lost to view on the southeastern horizon, filmy, tell-tale columns of black

ADMIRAL EVANS,
In Command of the Atlantic Fleet, Now En Route to the Pacific.

coal smoke being the last visible vestige of the departing fleet. At 10 knots speed they went, turning their backs on the coast which so long has been their home, and headed for the eastern end of the West Indies.

After threading their way among the reefs of those islands the fleet will bring up at Trinidad on Christmas eve—the first stage of its journey at an end.

On a mission as pacific as the name of the waters it soon will be ploughing, the fleet was sent away prepared in every detail for duty.

President Saluted.

The yacht Mayflower, bearing President Roosevelt, who came to review and witness the departure, arrived at Old Point Comfort at 8:10 o'clock this morning, the arrival being announced by the firing of 21 guns from the fleet, which was distinctly heard in Norfolk, twenty miles distant.

When the resulting veil of powder had lifted from the ships, the Mayflower proceeded to anchor in the very center of the throbbing fleet. There followed a brief reception on board, the President having a farewell message for the four rear admirals and the sixteen commanding officers who are taking the ships through Magellan Straits to San Francisco. At the conclusion of the meeting on the Mayflower's quarterdeck, President Roosevelt shook each officer cordially by the hand and as they went over the side he bade them official adieu.

Then for a journey of nearly ten miles the President, as commander-in-chief of the American army and navy, led the long line of battleships out into Chesapeake Bay. They followed his flag to Thimble Shoal Light, just five miles inside the capes, where the Mayflower turned aside and dropped her anchors for the formal review.

A Notable Pageant.

As a naval pageant, the review and departure of the fleet today was the most notable in American history. There have been several presidential reviews of the Atlantic fleet during the past eighteen months, but in those instances the great ships were lying docile at the end of spreading anchor chains, while the reviewing yacht passed up and down their lines. Today the fleet was under way, had cast off from the shore and was outward bound on a cruise, which, as the President himself expressed it, "no fleet of such size has ever before undertaken."

The guns which had voiced a welcome to the President on his arrival in Hampton Roads uttered a good by tribute as they passed the Mayflower outward bound. The salute of welcome had been paid in unison; the farewell tribute was an individual offering from each one of the sixteen ships.

The fleet passed out in single column, the big government-built Connecticut, flagship of Admiral Evans, leading the way.

Vessels 400 Yards Apart.

The vessels were 400 yards apart. In space of time was the stretch of a decade between the 16,000 tons of the Connecticut, to the little more than 11,000 of the Kentucky. Five stages of American battleship construction were represented in the line as an object lesson in the growth of the American navy the spectacle found one of its most striking features.

A large number of yachts and excursion boats accompanied the fleet down the bay and gathered at the reviewing ground.

President Roosevelt's party on the Mayflower included Mrs. Roosevelt, Miss Ethel Roosevelt, secretary of the navy, and Mrs. Metcalf, the assistant secretary of the navy and Mrs. Newberry, Rear Admiral W. H. Brownson, chief of the bureau of navigation, and Mrs. Brownson, Real Admiral and Mrs. Cowley, and Lieut. Commander and Mrs. Simms.

The naval dispatch boat Dolphin also came down from Washington with a party of congressmen on board to witness the review.

Day Fair and Cool.

The day of departure broke fair and cool with an eight mile breeze blowing from just a little to the south of west and ruffling the waters of the roads into sparkling waves.

At the time of the President's arrival the brilliant sun had set the bright work and polished decks dancing in its rays. The immaculate hulls of the big fighting machines gleamed resplendently. Not a cloud flecked the sky.

The early morning scenes about the fleet anchorage were most picturesque. Long before daylight the tidy little steam launches were making their last trips from the shore, some of them blowing impatient whistles for delayed mail orderlies, who were the last persons to be taken aboard.

Man-o-war's men arose early. Five o'clock found every deck of the sixteen ships well filled with them.

As daylight came the ship lights disappeared one by one until all were gone as the sun rose a great red ball in the east. It seemed to hang for a time in the gateway of the Virginia capes, through which the fleet was soon to pass, then mounted higher into the skies with the promised fulfillment of a perfect day.

At eight bells, or 8 o'clock in the morning watch, the dressing lines were broken out on every battleship and the pretty little triangular signal flags gave a gala touch to the scene.

President Announced.

The Mayflower swung around the water battery of Fortress Monroe and into Hampton Roads shortly after eight o'clock. The saluting guns of the army post were the first to signal the arrival of the President and his party. Twenty-one times the cannon overlooking the picturesque moat of this famous old army stronghold voiced their notes of welcome. The white naval yacht kept silently on her way, accepting the salute as her due and as requiring no formal form of recognition.

Aboard the 16 warships, at anchor a mile further up the roads, bugles had already begun to summon officers and crews to quarters. Most of the men aboard the vessels had been called several times in the past to welcome the President, but there was a special significance in today's ceremony.

It was not time simply to look pretty on parade, but coupled with it was a note of "good-bye and good luck" which they felt had a world of meaning to it.

It was not until the Mayflower had reached the Old Point pier that the President had his first view of the splendid fleet.

Connecticut Spoke First.

The Connecticut, flying the flag of Rear Admiral Evans, commander-in-chief of the expedition, was the first to speak to the President. Her starboard and port saluting guns began alternately to proclaim their respect of duty to the nation's chief. Following the motions of the flagship, as it is expressed in the navy, the other ships took up the firing and in less than two minutes time 336 guns had boomed. A play at mimic warfare by the finest fleet the American navy has ever boasted could not have produced a more spectacular effect. The smoke of battle for a time enveloped the fleet and the smell of gun powder filled the air.

Again, without formal recognition of the honors bestowed, the Mayflower entered the warship lane and proceeding slowly to a point about midway of the fleet, let go her anchors and swung round partly, to face the flow of the ebbing tide.

No sooner had she done so than the torpedo launch of the Connecticut, with Admiral Evans and his staff on board, was darting swiftly to her side.

Received by Roosevelt.

Making the after gangway, the officers, in all the regalia of special dress uniform, repaired on board the yacht to pay their respects to the President.

Following the Connecticut's lead, the launches from all of the other ships were soon swarming about the Mayflower.

The ceremonies were few, and within half an hour after Admiral Evans had first stepped upon the quarterdeck of the yacht, all of the officers were once more in their dancing launches, returning to their ships. The last goodbyes had been said, the President's last wishes of good luck had been uttered.

Suddenly the signal yards of the Connecticut flashed the message: "Get under way immediately, following the movements of the flagship." Orders volled from each vessel's bridge. They were conveyed by warning bells to engine rooms, through the musical notes of a half score of bugles and the shrill whistles of the "bo'sun's" pipe. Dressing lines were hauled in, and as they tumbled to the deck the ships were robbed of gala attire. Everything was in cruising trim now, and the time for play was past.

With the departure of the fleet officers the Mayflower proceeded to get underway almost at once, so as to take her place at the head of the formidable column and lead the way to the reviewing waters of Thimble Shoal lighthouse, ten miles out in Chesapeake Bay, where two-thirds of the way from Hampton Roads to the stretch of ocean outside the Virgina capes, Henry and Charles. As the Mayflower retreated down the warship lane each vessel she passed manned the rail with blue jackets, all of whom stood at attention.

The President's yacht was well down the bay when the battleship column began to move. Coming to anchor near the "tail of the horsehoe," as the water formation about Thimble shoal light is locally known, the Mayflower again let go her anchor and stood by to review the Pacific bound parade.

There was little time to wait before the wide-girthed hull of the Connecticut glimmering white, showed off the quarter rail. Coming toward the Mayflower almost bow on, at the head of the far-flung line, great clouds of curling black smoke leaping from her three towering funnels—buff painted to coincide with the color of the superstructure—her rails manned with half a thousand sailors in their natiest suits of blue, with marine guards full uniformed and stiff at "attention" on the quarterdeck, with band playing the national anthem, with Admiral Evans on the after bridge high above the main deck, with the Union Jack at the stem, the two-starred rear admiral's ensign of blue at the main truck and a spotless new American flag fluttering from flagstaff at the stern, the Connecticut presented a picture which fairly thrilled those who saw, and set patriotic pulses beating in quickening rhythm.

The President lifted his hat, and the spontaneous cheer he voiced was quickly taken up by others in his party. From his position on the Mayflower bridge, the President had an uninterrupted view of the entire pageant.

Something About the Great Fleet and Its Long Cruise

Fleet consists of sixteen battleships, two supply ships, one repair ship and one tender.

Entire fleet under command of Rear Admiral Robley D. Evans.

Will cruise a distance of 13,772 miles in 135 days, making but five stops.

There are 14,000 men—officers, sailors and marines—on board.

There are 925 modern guns on the ships, of which 144 are of the powerful 12-inch type.

Nearly 130,000 tons of coal will be consumed, at a cost of $1,800,000.

First stop will be made at Trinidad; second at Rio de Janeiro; third at Punta Arenas, in the Straits of Magellan; the fourth at Callos, Peru, and the fifth at Magdalena Bay, in Lower California.

After thirty days' target practice at Magdalena Bay, fleet will proceed to San Francisco to receive orders.

THE FARMER'S WIFE

Is very careful about her churn. She scalds it thoroughly after using, and gives it a sun bath to sweeten it. She knows that if her churn is sour it will taint the butter that is made in it. The stomach is a churn. In the stomach and digestive and nutritive tracts are performed processes which are almost exactly like the churning of butter. Is it not apparent then that if this stomach-churn is foul it makes foul all which is put into it?

The evil of a foul stomach is not alone the bad taste in the mouth and the foul breath caused by it, but the corruption of the pure current of blood and the dissemination of disease throughout the body. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery makes the sour and foul stomach sweet. It does for the stomach what the washing and sun bath do for the churn—absolutely removes every tainting or corrupting element. In this way it cures blotches, pimples, eruptions, scrofulous swellings, sores, or open eating ulcers and all humors or diseases arising from bad blood.

To aid in healing old sores, or ulcers, apply Dr. Pierce's All-Healing Salve to them while taking the "Golden Medical Discovery" to purify and enrich the blood.

Dr. Pierce's All-Healing Salve is cleansing and pain relieving. It destroys the bad odors arising from suppurating, or running, sores and puts them in the best possible condition for healing.

The "All-Healing Salve" is a superior dressing for all open, running, or suppurating, Sores or Ulcers. For healing open wounds, cuts and scratches it is unsurpassed.

If your medicine dealer does not have the "All-Healing Salve" in stock mail 50 cents in postage stamps to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., and you will receive it by return post.

In treating all open sores, or ulcers, boils carbuncles and other swellings, it is important that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery be taken persistently to purify the blood and thereby remove the *cause* of the trouble. It is in the blood that the great battle of health has to be fought. The ulcer and the sore are simply the scarlet flowers of disease, with roots running down into the blood. These roots must be eradicated or the disease will break out afresh. "Golden Medical Discovery" cleanses the blood of all foul and poisonous accumulations, pushes out the dead and waste matter, and thus purifies the entire life current. Disease in the flesh must die out when it is no longer fed by foul blood. "Golden Medical Discovery" effectively cures disease in the flesh by curing its cause in the blood.

If you have bitter, nasty, foul taste in your mouth, coated tongue, foul breath, are weak and easily tired, feel depressed and despondent, have frequent headaches, dizzy attacks, gnawing or distress in stomach, constipated or irregular bowels, sour or bitter rising after eating and poor appetite, these symptoms, or any considerable number of them, indicate that you are suffering from biliousness, torpid, or lazy liver with the usual accompanying indigestion, or dyspepsia and its attendant derangements.

The best agents known to medical science for the cure of the above symptoms and conditions, as attested by the writings of leading teachers and practitioners of all the schools of medical practice, have been skillfully and harmoniously combined in Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. That this is absolutely true will be readily proven to your satisfaction if you will but mail a postal card request to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., for a *free* copy of his booklet of extracts from the standard medical authorities, giving the names of all the ingredients entering into his world-famed medicines and showing what the most eminent medical men of the age say of them.

Cures Woman's Weaknesses.

We refer to that boon to weak, nervous, suffering women known as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

Dr. John Fyfe one of the Editorial staff of THE ECLECTIC MEDICAL REVIEW says of Unicorn root (*Helonias Dioica*) which is one of the chief ingredients of the "Favorite Prescription" "A remedy which invariably acts as a uterine invigorator * * * makes for normal activity of the entire reproductive system." He continues "in Helonias we have a medicement which more fully answers the above purposes *than any other drug with which I am acquainted.* In the treatment of diseases peculiar to women it is seldom that a case is seen which does not present some indication for this remedial agent." Dr. Fyfe further says: "The following are among the leading indications for Helonias (Unicorn root): Pain or aching in the back, with leucorrhea; atonic (weak) conditions of the reproductive organs of women, mental depression and irritability, associated with chronic diseases of the reproductive organs of women; constant sensation of heat in the region of the kidneys; menorrhagia (flooding), due to a weakened condition of the reproductive system; amenorrhea (surpressed or absent monthly periods), arising from or accompanying an abnormal condition of the digestive organs and anemic (thin blood) habit; dragging sensations in the extreme lower part of the abdomen."

If more or less of the above symptoms are present, no invalid woman can do better than take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, one of the leading ingredients of which is Unicorn root, or Helonias, and the medical properties of which it most faithfully represents.

Of Golden Seal root another prominent ingredient of "Favorite Prescription," Prof. Finley Ellingwood, M. D., of Bennett Medical College, Chicago, says: "It is an important remedy in disorders of the womb. In all catarrhal conditions * * * and general enfeeblement, it is useful."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription faithfully represents the above named ingredients and cures the diseases for which they are recommended.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are *the original* Little Liver Pills, first put up by old Dr. Pierce over 40 years ago. Much imitated, but never equaled. Easy to take as candy.

MARRY Wealth and Beauty. Rarriage Directory Free. Pay when married—new plan. SELECT CLUB, Dept. 62 Tabernacle, Utah.

WEALTHY ladies and gentlemen of refinement, anxious to marry; photographs and descriptions free. T. B., Box 7, Canon City, Col.

Attractive young lady, worth $36,000, desires the acquaintance of a gentleman, with a view to marriage; no objection to poor man with good character. Garfield, 2504 Wilcox Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Handsome young lady, worth $25,000, wants acquaintance of honorable gentleman; early marriage; no objection to poor man if honest. Address Mrs. W., 697 Fulton Street, Chicago.

MARRY RICH Ladies worth from $5,000 to $35,000 want husbands. Descriptions and Photos FREE. (Sealed.) Standard Corr. Club, 110 Avers Av., Chicago, Ill.

Wanted! Young Men! Railroad! Brakemen, Firemen, Baggagemen, Electric Motormen, Conductors. Experience unnecessary. Instruction by MAIL. Application blank and book for stamp. **Inter Ry. Inst., No. 16, Indianapolis, Ind.**

LETTERS TO SANTA.

Made the Subject of New Post-office Order.

Heretofore They Have All Gone to the Dead Letter Office in Regular Form.

Washington, Dec. 14.—In past years many communications have been received by the postoffice department requesting delivery of so called "Santa Claus letters" to philanthropic societies and others in various parts of the country, but the requests have always been denied, the department taking the stand that letters of importance would be classed with the "Santa Claus letters" through error, that it would be exposing to private parties confidential correspondence; that the letters might contain valuable enclosures and that such a practice would not be in keeping with the sanctity of the mails.

Now, however, Postmaster General Meyer has adopted a more liberal attitude toward the children, as indicated by his action of today in issuing an order to postmasters all over the country (to whom letters full of trust and pleading are coming in such numbers from the little ones) to let the people of their cities know through the newspapers that mail addressed to Santa Claus will be delivered to any responsible parties who will undertake to act as Santa Claus' agents in the matter. The order follows:

"Ordered, that hereafter and until the close of the first day of January, 1908, postmasters are directed to deliver all letters arriving at their respective postoffices addressed plainly and unmistakably to "Santa Claus" without any other terms or expressions identifying the person for whom such letters are intended, to any regularly organized charitable society in the city or town of address, to be used exclusively for philanthropic purposes. In the event that claim should be made by more than one such society for letters so addressed, such letters will be equally divided according to number, between or among the societies making such claim."

As it was found that the name of "Kris Kringle" appears in various city directories, it was decided, in order to avoid confusion and loss of letters intended for persons of that name, that the new regulation should apply only to Santa Claus, who appears to have no namesake.

CUMMINS IN THE RACE

Governor of Iowa Full-Fledged Presidential Candidate.

Des Moines, Dec. 14.—Governor Albert B. Cummins is a full-fledged candidate for the Republican presidential nomination, as his friends admit, and they couple with the admission the declaration that there is no doubt as to the governor's ability to secure the Iowa delegation and to hold it together in the interest of some other progressive candidate in case he cannot win the prize for himself. His candidacy for the presidential nomination will not be allowed to interfere in any way with the governor's campaign for Senator Allison's seat.

Republicans who are anxious to have Governor Cummins get into the presidential race believe that in the next national convention the question to be fought out will be the control of the party by the stand pat or conservative element or the Roosevelt and progressive element. If the latter is in the majority, it is insisted that no man in the field so well represents the Roosevelt doctrine and the progressive element in the party as does Governor Cummins.

MONEY MAKER SENTENCED

Melted Up Mexican Coin to Counterfeit Half Dollars.

New York, Dec. 13.—Herman Henze, who made silver dollars so well that only experts could distinguish his product from that of the mint, was sentenced yesterday to six years at Sing Sing prison and to pay the government $250 in real money.

Henze's method was to melt up Mexican silver dollars and remould the bullion into counterfeits of United States fifty-cent pieces. The counterfeiter calmly admitted having made the coins, and set up the defense that his money was as good as the government's, and that consequently no one had been defrauded. He was making money, he said, with which to build an airship, as he was certain that he had solved the problem of aerial navigation.

TILLMAN DELIVERS SPEECH

Senate Hears Characteristic Address by Fiery Southerner

Washington, Dec. 16.—A characteristic speech was today delivered in the senate by Senator Tillman. Mr. Tillman spoke on his resolutions directing an investigation of the recent bond issues and clearing house certificates, but he took occasion to comment on a good many matters concerning financial affairs of the country.

"I must confess I have not studied finance very much from the books," began Mr. Tillman, apologetically, "my own labors in that direction having been confined to my own expenses.

"If we are not in the midst of a panic we are in the midst of a chill produced by the danger of a panic."

WATCHES

The 16 size watch is now the popular size for men and boys, being very much lighter in weight, smaller in size, and thinner than the 18 size.

We shall handle this season only Waltham and Elgin movements. The reputation and reliability of these movements are so well known to our readers that they need no further recommendation from us.

The cases used in our watches are the very best grades of 25-year and 20-year gold filled cases on the market. We make no extra charge for hand engraved cases in the 25-year grade.

We guarantee everything we offer you to be JUST EXACTLY AS REPRESENTED.

And you will find our prices lower than you can purchase the same quality for elsewhere.

The Waltham and Elgin watches are all stem wind and stem set.

ALL WATCHES ARE SENT BY REGISTERED MAIL.

We can supply any movement made by the Waltham or Elgin companies, and will be pleased to quote prices.

This offer is intended only for Blade subscribers. We desire to give our subscribers the advantage of the best quality of everything at the very lowest price.

MOVEMENTS.

Nickel—Fifteen jewels (settings); quick train; exposed pallets; cut expansion balance; Breguet hairspring; polished oval regulator; sunk second dial; nickel index; dust ring; damaskeened plates.

Nickel—Seven jewels; quick train; exposed pallets; cut expansion balance; Breguet hairspring; polished oval steel regulator; sunk second dial; nickel index; dust ring; damaskeened plates.

MEN'S WATCHES.

No. 101—18 size, 25-year open face, 7-jeweled works ...$11.50

No. 102—16 size, 25-year hunting case, 7-jeweled works ...$15.00

No. 103—16 size, 25-year open-face, 7-jeweled works ...$12.25

No. 104—18 size, 25-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works ...$15.50

No. 105—18 size, 25-year open-face, 15-jeweled works ...$12.50

No. 106—16 size, 25-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works ...$17.00

No. 107—16 size, 25-year open-face, 15-jeweled works ...$14.50

No. 110—16 size, 20-year hunting case, 7-jeweled works ...$12.75

No. 111—16 size, 20-year open-face, 7-jeweled works ...$10.00

No. 113—18 size, 20-year open-face, 15-jeweled works ...$10.50

No. 114—16 size, 20-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works ...$15.00

No. 115—16 size, 20-year open-face, 15-jeweled works ...$12.50

NICKEL SILVER CASES.

No. 116—18 size, 7-jeweled works ...$5.30

No. 118—18 size, 15-jeweled works ...$6.60

No. 119—16 size, 15-jeweled works $8.75

LADIES' 6 SIZE.

No. 121—25-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works ...$13.50

No. 123—20-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works ...$12.25

LADIES' 0 SIZE.

No. 124—25-year hunting case, 7-jeweled works ...$14.00

No. 125—25-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works ...$17.50

No. 126—20-year hunting case, 7-jeweled works ...$13.00

Remit by P. O. money order, express money order, registered letter, or New York draft.

Address all orders to

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

APPEAL TO THE U. S. FOR RELIEF FUNDS

Gov. Davison, of West Virginia, Heads Committee Asking Money for Monongah Sufferers.

Fairmont, W. Va., Dec. 16.—The permanent relief committees, headed by Governor W. M. O. Dawson, to provide for the widows and orphans in distress through the recent explosion at the mines of the Fairmont Coal Co., at Monongah, yesterday prepared an appeal for funds that is being sent to chambers of commerce and kindred organizations all over the country.

All newspapers are urged to aid the work by receiving contributions, acknowledging them through their columns and sending them to the treasurer.

Contributions of clothing, toys for the orphans at Christmas time and similar donations are to be sent to W. H. Moore, mayor of Monongah and chairman of the committee looking after the temporary wants of the victims.

The appeal says:

"As near as can be determined at this time almost $50,000, from all sources, has been subscribed. Upon the basis of $300 for each widow and $100 for each child under 16 years of age, $175,000 will be required. At least $25,000 additional will be needed to provide on realtively the same basis, for the aged dependants of the unmarried victims, the many now unborn children and the undoubted accessions to the married victims' list when complete information has been received.

"The committee feels that a basis lower than the above will not be adequate to properly care for the needs of the bereaved ones, and a total of $200,000 will, therefore, be required to carry out the relief work on this basis."

WILL ADJOURN SATURDAY

Congress Will Take Recess Until January 6.

Washington, Dec. 16.—The house today passed a resolution providing for adjournment Saturday, December 21, until January 6, for the Christmas holidays.

The two senators from Oklahoma were sworn into office today. Senator Money presented the credentials of Robert L. Owen and Senator Culberson those of Thomas P. Gore, the blind senator. They were escorted to the vice president's desk, Senator Gore walking slowly by the aid of his cane, and leaning on the arm of the Texas senator. After the oath was administered to Senator Gore he was conducted to the desk, and having his pen properly placed on the book before him, signed his name to the constitution.

The terms of the two senators were drawn by lot. Senator Owen secured the six-year term, and Senator Gore the two year term.

The President sent to the senate today the following nominations:

To be pension agent at San Francisco, J. B. Fuller.

To be pension agent at Milwaukee, Frederick H. Madgeburg.

Also a number of postmasters and promotions in the military service.

CARNEGIE GIVES $2,000,000

Adds Big Sum to Endowment of Carnegie Institute.

Washington Dec. 11.—Andrew Carnegie has added the sum of $2,000,000 to the $10,000,000 endowment fund of the Carnegie Institute. Announcement of the fact was made at a dinner last night at the New Willard of the board of trustees of the institute to which had been invited a number of scientists and men of public affairs. The dinner followed a business meeting at the institution's office.

The report of the trustees showed that much important scientific work had been done during the past year and upon their recommendation a large sum, the exact figure being $529,940 was allotted for the prosecution of the work of scientific inquiry next year.

COMMISSION AT MINES

President's Representatives Investigate Conditions.

Goldfield, Nov. 16.—Members of the commission sent by President Roosevelt arrived in Goldfield last night. They are Charles P. Neill, labor commissioner; Herbert Knox Smith, commissioner of corporations, and Laurence Murray, assistant secretary of the department of commerce and labor. They are accompanied by F. X. Patterson as secretary. Mr. Neill said that the commission would go at once into the labor conditions in Goldfield, taking up first the matter of the conditions here which have led to the presence of federal troops. The merits of the controversy between the mine operators and mine workers will be exhaustively investigated, and the whole matter embodied in reports to be made to the war department and to President Roosevelt.

As to the length of the stay of the commission in Goldfield, Mr. Neill could form no opinion at this time, and could not say when the first portion of the report would be sent to Washington.

General Funston is preparing a report to be sent to Washington based on the revelation made to him by the delegation from the American Federation of Labor, who say that the Federation men are in fear of violence at the hands of the Western Federation of Miners.

EARTHQUAKE IS RECORDED

Disturbance Was Great Distance From Washington.

Washington, Dec. 16.—A very small earthquake was recorded at the weather bureau yesterday afternoon, beginning at 12 hours, 57 minutes, 26 seconds p. m. The motion throughout the disturbance was very small, and only barely distinguishable on the records. The duration of the so-called period of preliminary tremors was very great, about 56 minutes, indicating that the origin of the disturbance was at a great distance from Washington.

The duration of the period of strong was ten minutes, ending practically at 2:07 p. m. The disturbance was in all probability of minor intensity.

TO HAVE PEACE COURT

Central American Countries to Establish Permanent Body.

Washington, Dec. 13.—The first formal outcome of the Central American Peace Conference now in progress in this city, and probably the most important to result from that conference was made public yesterday in the form of an abstract of the general trea

A MERRY CHRISTMAS to the HOUSEHOLD

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY.

Our Infinite Father, we open our hearts to Thee, for where Thou art heaven is. As the morning sun gives light and life to earth, so Thou givest light and life and joy to us.

MONDAY.

Not by appointment do we meet delight and joy;
They wait not our expectancy;
But round some corner in the street of life,
They, on a sudden, greet us with a smile.

TUESDAY.

In all things of the world, those who look for the crooked will see the crooked, and those who look for the straight will see the straight.

WEDNESDAY.

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth Peace." We take up the angel symphony and give it new breath, this gladsome day of days.

THURSDAY.

Resolve to keep happy, and your joy and you shall form an invincible host against difficulties.

FRIDAY.

Does it rain today? Is it dark and gloomy? That is all right; there must be some stormy days. Tomorrow the clouds will have a silvery lining or disappear entirely.

SATURDAY.

Cheer, what is it?
The blossom of a loving heart,
The perfume of a happy word.

The Christmas Year

The readers of the Household will understand without explanation the meaning of the following pretty story, which was written by Rebecca Harding Davis for the December St. Nicholas. It speaks of pretending that Christmas lasts all the year, and we may all of us, if we will, keep up this "pretending" in our treatment of one another, even if the pretense does not extend to gifts.

From a little southern village comes to us the story of a woman who once lost Christmas out of her year. Just before the day, misery and disgrace, and, at last, crime came into her family. She carried the load for a while, and then fell under it, sick unto death. The blessed day dawned and passed, but she was lying unconscious and knew nothing of it. When she came to herself the people of the town had forgotten that there ever had been a Christmas. But the day had always counted for much to Jane. It seemed to her like a word of cheer from God Himself on her weary climb upward, giving her hope and strength and encouragement for the whole year to come.

Jane kept the village postoffice. She was apt to be sharp and cross, because she was old, and had a secret ailment which at times tortured her. But when she took up her work on the very first day that she was able to do so, it suddenly occurred to her:

"Why not pretend that this is Christmas day, and keep it, though nobody but God and me will know?"

She opened the window, and as she gave out the letters had a cordial word for every one of the neighbors outside—children and hard-worked women and feeble old men. They went away laughing and surprised, but strangely heartened. When the office was closed, she bethought herself of gifts, and baked some of her famous crullers and carried them to folk so poor that they never had any crullers, and to the old paupers in the almshouse.

She astonished each of them, too, with the gift of a dollar.

"I can do with my old cloak another year," she thought, "and they will feel rich for days!" "In His name," she said to herself as she gave each of her poor presents.

The little gifts held out for a long time as she carried them from house to house, her face growing kinder as she went and her voice softer. It seemed to her that never before had there been so many sick, unhappy folk in the town. Surely it was right to make them glad that He had come among us—even if it were not Christmas day?

She was very tired when she had finished her day's work. She thanked Him when she knelt down at night that He had put it in her mind to keep His day, in this secret fashion.

But she could not sleep for thinking of other poor neighbors to whom she might have given some little comfort or pleasure.

"Why not make them happier that He has come, tomorrow, as well as today?" she thought, with a shock of delight at her discovery.

So it came to pass that this little postmistress made a Christmas out of every day in that year for her poor neighbors. When she had no more gifts for them she threw herself into their lives; she nursed them when they were sick, dragged them up when they fell, cried with them when they suffered, and laughed with them when they were happy.

And thus it was that she taught them of her Master, and led them to be glad every day of the year that He had been born into the world to be its Helper.

General Booth, the Great Crusader

"Never!"

The shrill, tense word came from the lips of an excited woman leaning over the gallery of a crowded hall. It was addressed to a white-faced, resolute man who stood facing an astonished audience on the threshold of the most momentous decision of his life. His name was known to those before him as William Booth, a brilliant young Methodist minister—who had rebelled against the orders of the church conference, the delegates to which he was confronting.

"I have asked to be relieved of my pastorate," he said gravely, "and allowed to carry the gospel to the great mass of people who are outside the church, to preach broadcast in my own manner. You have refused my request. For four years I have accepted your decision. Shall I accept it again or not?"

He paused.

"Never!" Again the voice of the woman in the gallery, with its vigorous negative, caught his ear and the eyes of the two met. The shoulders of the young clergyman squared abruptly.

"Brethren," he said gravely, "I must refuse to obey your orders. I feel that I am called to a broader sphere!"

The die was cast. William Booth, the unknown, penniless young minister, had deliberately cast himself off from one of the most powerful churches of England.

Outside the hall, the woman in the gallery placed a reassuring hand in his. It was his wife.

It was thus that William Booth turned his back on his church and income, and faced the world to take the message of the Master to his fellowmen, as he saw it and them.

Dependent on him were four children—scarcely that many dollars lay between them and starvation. Starvation! For years it went hand in hand with salvation in the heart-wearing struggles of the Booths.

Nearly fifty years have passed since that eventful summer. If age-whitened General Booth—again shaking American hands this fall in his vigorous tour of the country—lives eight years more, it will be given him to celebrate the jubilee anniversary of the Salvation Army—the organization with a roll today of 200,000 members, which was built half a century ago on that dramatic scene in the Liverpool Methodist conference.

GENERAL WILLIAM BOOTH AND HIS DAUGHTER, EVA BOOTH.

William Booth's life has been one of hard work. Not only has he been a ceaseless toiler himself, but he has possessed the magnetic power of developing the same trait in those around him. The records of the Salvation Army for 1874 show that 265 absolutely unpaid preachers were working shoulder to shoulder with him, giving of their time double that which would have been expected in ordinary pastoral work, knowing practically no rest, enduring the jeers and curses of a bullying crowd—for a remuneration of not one cent.

In a grave-yard, the father and mother of the Salvation Army—William Booth and his brave-hearted wife—held the first service of the organization. With the wind sighing over the tombstones, a tattered tent was pitched in an open plot of a deserted cemetery bordering Mile End Road in the East London slums. Here the jingle of the tambourine and the stirring salvation hymns attracted the first crowd to an Army sermon.

From this grave-yard gathering has sprung the organization that has established branches in 53 countries and colonies, which maintains its own banking and printing establishments, which has created a life insurance department with 2,000 agents, which publishes 63 periodicals with a weekly circulation of over 1,000,000, which employs over 50,000 men and women in its workshops and factories, and which in ten years has converted over 2,500,000 people!

Few men have achieved greatness without a woman's aid.

In the life of William Booth, a woman's encouragement and sympathy and confidence have been constantly to the fore—lighting his heavy-laden shoulders, lessening his griefs and disappointments and hardships. That woman was she who has been termed the "Mother of the Salvation Army," her to whom William Booth gave his name in the first struggling days of his ministry.

When Booth picked on one side of England for his campaigns, often his cheery, plucky wife took the other side, preaching just as vigorously as he, whether facing smiles or scowls. For forty years the two labored, and when Mrs. Booth succumbed to a long, lingering illness in 1890, a flood of sympathizing messages from the whole world was received by the stricken husband.

Just as a woman's hand has played so emphasized a part in the Salvation Army of the past, so will this fact be equally true in the Salvation Army of the future.

In this latter case, it will be the daughter of General Booth—Evangeline, the young woman who is the present head of the American branch.

Under her vigorous administration, the American Salvation Army—40,000 strong—is pushing forward a work reaching into every corner of the union, caring for 11,000 homeless nightly, at its last Christmas dinner feeding over 200,000. This is the young woman, with the General's own fire and red blood—who dared the darkest of the London slums in the guise of a match girl when she was still in her teens—who is one of the greatest features of support and comfort in the twilight of General Booth's nearly eighty years—whose career is a fitting sequel to his own stirring life.

The General, who was recently in this country, on what is likely to prove his last American campaign, was given a monster farewell in New York the day before he sailed for Europe on the St. Louis, November 9. "Friends of everybody," he said at the close of his remarks, "enemies of none! goodbye; I'll come to see you again if I live, and if I die, I'll be carried over here if they'll let it be so. God bless you. God be with you till we meet again!"—Hugh C. Weir in Human Life for December.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO.

Look up; lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage and cheer; scattering sunshine along the way.

LET THE DAY BE GLAD.

"Merry Christmas" will soon be heard throughout the land. Let it be the gladdest and merriest day in the year. The gladdest because it is the children's own festival in memory of the Babe of Bethlehem, whose birth caused the angels to sing. To some it will be sad because of absent ones, but let us put away every sorrow on the day. Let us strive to make others happy, and perhaps there will be a rift in the clouds, and a ray of sunshine will come in our hearts.

Christmas is the most joyful of all the festive holidays. Let us then celebrate it with glad hearts. Let the little ones romp to their hearts' content. They will never forget this day.

A short time ago a lady said she would like to have a tree for her little ones, but could not afford to buy one. Here is a substitute that is in the reach of all. Take a good shaped limb from almost any kind of a tree. Trim it some, leaving all the small twigs to hang the presents on. The branches may be covered with strips of green tissue paper, or left natural. They may be brightened by touches of gold paint. The tree may be decorated in various ways, and it will be pretty. Tinsel draped over the branches, and small red paper bells are very showy. To support the tree, take a box two feet square, make a small opening large enough to insert the stem of the tree. Cover the box with bright paper, and it will make a table for the heavy presents.—Mrs. A. A. B.

MAKE THE CHILDREN HAPPY.

The gladsome Yuletide is but a few days off, and it is time we were ready for the celebration. We should make it the greatest Christmas of our lives. We try to do this with every succeeding year, not for our own sakes, particularly, but for the children's. Making a happy Christmas is a duty we owe to our children. Each little boy and each little girl should be made happy Christmas day, if—and I say this knowing full well the meaning of my words—if it took the last penny I had in the world, I would not regard it even as a sacrifice. It is something that is due to the children. One of the things we are put in this world for, I firmly believe, is to make the children happy on Christmas day, and if we have no children of our own, then we should try to make a happy celebration for some other person's children.

For the little girls, nothing will, perhaps, ever take the place of dolly and teddy bears. Handkerchiefs, too, always make very pretty gifts, and are always welcome. Do not overlook the post cards. If you have a large number of friends that you wish to remember, just show them that they are in your thoughts in the Christmas season, even though you cannot afford to give them expensive presents. Just get some fancy post cards, preferably those designed especially for the holidays. These will be appreciated as much as a gift. Then there are mother and father, sister and brother, be sure and remember them.

I will try to tell you of one of the happiest Christmas days I ever had. It was when I lived in Booneville, Mo. The snow was very deep that Christmas and the weather was intensely cold. I had guests from St. Louis to spend the holidays. We met them at the depot in a large sleigh. When we reached home the dinner table was simply "sway-backed" with good things to eat. A sleighride was planned for the afternoon, but we were all so tired we did not care to go. At night we had a grand Christmas tree and it was loaded down with gifts. Every one in the family received one, also the guests. The tree was a beauty with its candles and pretty trimmings. I can almost see it now.

After the tree was dismantled, the rest of the evening was spent in conversation and music; then we all retired, feeling happy and thanking the dear Lord for His goodness.

In closing I will send this little verse:

Dear sisters, there is a silver tie,
That binds our true hearts together,
And if we never break this tie,
I hope we may be sisters forever.
—Mrs. J. C. Bell, Atlanta, Kansas.

A GAME AND A LETTER.

It seems to me that I cannot enjoy the holidays unless I have some of my friends with me on these occasions, or meet with them somewhere. I have given several dinners on one or the other of these days in the past, and how I enjoyed them. At one party I had a large turkey without a head, cut out of cardboard; I fastened it in a conspicuous place, clear of all obstacles. Then I gave each guest a turkey head of the same material. They were blindfolded as their turn came, turned around two or three times, and then they were expected to fasten the head on the turkey as near as they could, where it belonged. I shall never forget the good time we had. Of course, they all did their best, as I had a prize for the one that came nearest, and a booby prize for the one who was the farthest out of the way. How glad I am if there happens to be a nice fall of snow on such days, as it seems to be in keeping with the season.

I should like to tell you of a letter I received from a lady who lives on a ranch in Kemmerer, Wyoming. Here is an extract: She says, living so far from town it is rather difficult in winter to get anything. "Last winter we had 20 feet of snow and had to tunnel out of the doors and shovel snow away from the windows to see out. There is no one but my husband and myself. Our nearest neighbor is two and a half miles away, and he is a bachelor. I don't see a woman sometimes for many months, and we are 40 miles from a railroad.

Wishing you all the compliments of the season.—Xora.

FROM A GOOD FRIEND.

I have just been reading some back numbers of our page. It is a cold, dreary day outside, but the past hour's reading has made me almost forget the weather, and then when I see what nice letters you all write, it makes me feel timid about coming, for it seems that I have no new "bright ideas," as you all seem to find. But I shall try, for I am in love with you all.

Thanksgiving is past and Christmas will soon be here. I wonder if we are truly grateful enough for the blessings we have received. It seems to me some are not, for if it rains, they say, "too much rain." If it is dry, then we are going to dry up and blow away, for all they know. We should not complain, for the Father in Heaven is giving us what is best all the time. It may be hard to see that it is for the best, but if we wait with faith the future shows us, I think, that sometimes when our prayers are not answered it is because they are not in accord with God's will, or it is not time for the things we ask to come to us. Our lives should be never-ceasing prayer and praise; not teasing prayer such as a child makes to its father, but direct, simple and to the point supplications. God knows our every need before we ask them, and why indulge in vain and inglorious pleadings when He is always ready to give us a sufficiency for our needs? —D. P. D.

THE HAPPIEST CHRISTMAS.

Trying to think of the happiest Christmas I ever spent, I cannot think of any that will compare with those of my childhood, when we were one unbroken family—father, mother, sisters, brother—all at home. How we children looked forward to Christmas, and each one of us would hang up our stocking for old Santa to fill with candy and toys. The dear old fellow never disappointed us. He always left a good supply for each one.

Well, that was long ago, but to me those were the merriest Christmas days of my life. I wish each one of the members of the Cozy Corner a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.—Farmer's Daughter.

A CHRISTMAS IDEA.

To a branch of holly tie a bunch of raisins, a tiny net bag of candy, a small orange and a few nuts, with the following lines written on a card:

"If the raisins keep soft and the berries bright
On the bough of plenty till the seventh night,
Your heart will be happy, your burden light,
And your home filled with plenty.
Says the holly, if green,
'Good luck will you have until Christmas comes again
With sunshine all between.'"

A branch of holly arranged in this way is a pretty Christmas remembrance to send to a friend, with the instructions that it is to be hung over a door. One would not go amiss in your own home to help along the holiday cheer.

Those who have not yet seen their letters in print, or whose recipes have not been used, may rest assured they have not been destroyed. They will be along one of these days, and you'll find them just as good as new.

We are indebted to Mother's Stay for the pretty heading that decorates our column today, and with her drawing she sends, "best wishes."

Our first letter is from a new comer, to whom we are glad to say "Welcome

I would like to become a member of this band of friends who are doing so much good in the world. If we live up to the motto, it will surely mean something, to do all the good we can to everyone. It seems to me when one gets on the right road and is living a Christian life, it is so easy to be kind and good. What a blessing it is to know that we are needed in this world to brighten the lives of others, and we can make so many hearts glad if we will only have pleasant smiles and kind words for everyone.

I live among the West Virginia hills. Of course, I live on a farm and that means hard work. I did not have a Thanksgiving party, or go anywhere, but I am thankful for everything God has given us. I am going to have a Christmas party, and I wish the M. G. R. friends could be with me.

I wish you all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.—Scott.

I have been reading the letters of the M. G. R. members with much interest for some time, and I think the motto a good one. If we live up to it we will do well. I have often thought I would write a few lines, but felt diffident about coming among so many strangers. I have gathered courage now, since reading the cheerful, home-like letters. When receiving the paper, I always turn to the Household page first, as it contains so much good advice and helps in different ways.

The Christmas time is drawing near, reminding us of the little babe who in a manger lay, a precious gift for the redemption of the world. This is a time of giving presents to our friends, and what a happy Christmas we might make for the shut-ins, by sending them some token of remembrance. It is more blessed to give than to receive, but I am afraid that little selfish feeling will come over us, and we will feel more like receiving.

I have several nieces and nephews who are looking for Santa Claus to come creeping down the chimney the night before Christmas, to fill their stockings from his great pack. Some people think it is wrong to have the children believe in a real Santa and reindeers coming from the green mountains. I well remember when I was a child—really, I am not much more yet—how I looked forward with pleasure to the coming of Santa. Wishing all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, I am your friend—Virginia Sis.

Christmas! The joyous day of the whole year and one when all should be happy.

We are usually at home on Christmas day. We have turkey, cranberries, cake, lemon pie, nuts, candy and other good things for dinner. On Christmas eve of the past year, we drove miles in a sleigh to an entertainment. We had great fun singing songs while on our way. There was a large Christmas tree loaded with presents in the church. Christmas songs were sung and the "little folks" recited some very nice pieces. At a late hour we returned home, having had an enjoyable evening, with the jingle of the bells and the merry sleighing parties. Christmas is the happiest time of the year. From the way the wind howls and the snow comes down in great, white flakes, we shall have a fine Christmas this year. Wishing you a Merry, Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, I will say good bye.—Gussie.

Christmas, merry Christmas! Yes, that is the day set apart to celebrate the most important event that ever occurred upon this earth. It was ushered in by joyous voices whose rejoicing was prompted by merry hearts, so joyousness is merriment and we are but doing what our Father designed when he created us to be joyful and therefore merry. Not the foolish merriment which means nothing, but we are commanded to be joyous in the knowledge that we are living the life designed by our Creator. All through the ages past, there have been many who joined the merry circle and the world has been made better by their mirth. The number is now largely increased and glad songs are sung in every portion of this world, and they shall be increased until all are brought to know the Lord. May we, as a merry circle, so live that every night we can say we have "pitched our moving tent a day's march nearer home."—Old Customs.

Well, here I am, writing a letter, as though I had been admitted to the circle. I have never seen a letter from Utah, so I thought I would say something for Utah. We have a very nice climate and the sun shines bright almost every day. Our neighbors are few and far between, because we live on what used to be the Ute Indian reservation. I like to watch the Indians make their bead and basket work. The squaws have the cutest babies you ever saw, and some of them are quite pretty. I have a pony and I love to ride horseback. One thing I dislike, I have to go away to school, and my home is dear to me. My greatest fault is that I wish for too much that I cannot have. —Pomy.

Letters lately received are from Violee Lewis, Violette La Von, Laughing Water of Virginia, Roy from Illinois, Cherry, Mrs. Amanda Gilmore and Lucy Dean.

Granna:—Will you please send your address to Mrs. Maria P. Schofield, Campbell, California. She wishes to communicate with you.

Good Things for Christmas

We will begin our suggestions for good things for Christmas with directions for laying the table, which are from Mrs. A. A. B.

First comes the spotless tablecloth with the silverware. Then plenty of white paper napkins, with flowers, or a bunch of fruit painted in the decorated with flowers or fruit. Spread four in the middle of the table for a centerpiece, and one at each place, folded twice. Have a pretty dish filled with fruit placed on the paper centerpiece in the midst of a holly wreath, sprays of ferns or leaves from house plants. At each place have an orange cup filled with fruit salad. If possible, have a flower at each place for the guests to pin on while waiting for the substantials.

ACCEPTABLE GIFTS FROM HOUSEKEEPERS.

The square package is a cake wrapped in white paper and tied with a red ribbon, through which a sprig of holly, or any bit of green, is drawn.

The orange cups are made by cutting the oranges in half, and removing the pulp with a spoon. This may be sugared and returned to the orange unless the fruit salad is preferred.

From Mrs. A. A. B. we have these recipes for Christmas dainties.

Christmas Blocks:—Bake a square cake about one inch thick, then cut it in blocks. Make plenty of white frosting. Divide the frosting, color part of it with fruit juice. For yellow, take a little of the yolk of an egg. For blue, take plum juice. Cover some with grated cocoanut. These cakes are very pretty when heaped upon a plate, and will please the little ones.

Snow Balls:—Bake a white cake in a square tin. It should be two inches thick when cold. Cut into inch blocks, then trim the blocks round. Place them on a fork, one at a time, and roll in white frosting. Cover with coarse granulated sugar, or cocoanut.

Women who must give an inexpensive gift would do far better to give Christmas pies or cakes or doughnuts, doing them up with a bit of holly or bright ribbon to give them a festive air. One woman whom I know gave glasses of wild crabapple jelly last year, and her gifts carried more pleasure than many more pretentious ones.

An important and time-honored necessity to the German Christmas tree are little cakes cut in the shape of animals, birds and flowers. These may be simply of good molasses cooky dough for a foundation, varied by the addition of nuts and fruits. "Yule cakes" are merely small cakes made in the form of a star, child or other Christmas emblem.

Cinnamon or wintergreen drops, the small red candies of bright hue, offer clever means of garnishing. The tiny caraway seed candies that come in assorted colors delight the youngsters when scattered over the icing of the little cakes.

THE POETS' CORNER

Jest 'Fore Christmas.

By Eugene Field.

Father calls me William, sister calls me Will,
Mother calls me Willie, but the fellers call me Bill!
Mighty glad I ain't a girl—ruther be a boy,
Without them sashes, curls, an' things that's worn by Fauntleroy!
Love to chawnk green apples an' go swimmin' in the lake—
Hate to take the castor-ile they give for belly-ache!
'Most all the time, the whole year round, there ain't no flies on me,
But jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!

Got a yeller dog named Sport, sick him on the cat;
First thing she knows she doesn't know where she is at!
Got a clipper sled, an' when us kids goes out to slide,
'Long comes the grocery cart, an' we all hook a ride!
But sometimes, when the grocery man is worried and cross,
He reaches at us with his whip an' larrups up his hoss,
An' then I laff an' holler, "Oh, ye never teched me!"
But jest 'fore Christmas I'm as good as I kin be!

Gran'ma says she hopes that when I git to be a man
I'll be a missionarer like her oldest brother Dan,
As was et up by the cannibuls that lives in Ceylon's Isle,
Where every prospeck pleases, an' only man is vile!
But gran'ma she has never been to see a Wild West show,
Nor read the Life of Daniel Boone, or else I guess she'd know
That Buff'lo Bill an' cowboys is good enough for me!
Excep' jest 'fore Christmas, when I'm as good as I kin be!

An' then old Spot he hangs around, so solemn-like an' still,
His eyes they seem a-sayin, "What's the matter, little Bill?"
The old cat sneaks down off her perch an' wonders what's become
Of them two enemies of hern that used to make things hum!
But I am so perlite an' 'tend so earnestly to biz,
That mother says to father, "How improved our Willie is!"
But father, havin' been a boy hisself, suspicions me
When, jest 'fore Christmas, I'm as good as I kin be!

For Christmas, with its lots and lots of candies, cakes, an' toys,
Was made, they say, for proper kids an' not for naughty boys;
Do wash yer face an' bresh yer hair, an' mind yer p's an' q's,
An' don't bust out yer pantaloons, an' don't wear out yer shoes;
Say "Yessum" to the ladies an' "Yessur" to the men,
An' when they's company don't pass yer plate fer pie again;
But, thinkin' of the things yer'd like to see upon that tree,
Jest 'fore Christmas be as good as yer kin be!

An Old Man's Story.

By Minnie Reid French.

Feeble and old, a stranger stood 'mid a careless, boisterous crowd;
His face bore the stamp of solitude, his form with years was bowed.
"Old man," said one of the merry throng, "drink with us this Christmas day.
Tell us a story, or sing a song to pass the time away."

From the stranger's lips this answer fell: "I can neither drink with you,
Nor sing a song, but I can tell a story, alas! too true.
And you who have firesides of your own where little children play,
Look at me, friendless, old, alone, and heed these words I say.

"I once had a home, a wife, a child, a little boy whose face
Was sweet as a flower, pure, and mild, a marvel of youthful grace.
Bright curls fell over a forehead white 'neath which his eyes of blue
Looked out with a tender, steadfast light, rejoicing in all things new.

"We lived in a lone, secluded spot, on the edge of a forest dim;
No mates had he, but his mother thought that the angels played with him;
For gentle and sweet was he always, he filled our home with joy,
And our lives grew brighter, day by day, in the love of our little boy.

"I often recall those happy years, and, now, 'tis strange to think
That in spite of pleadings and bitter tears, I fell a victim to drink.
And although she paled like a blighted flower—the wife who loved me true—
I was held secure by that evil power which each day stronger grew.

"The happiness of our home was o'er, and soon there came a day
When death stood at the open door—his entrance none could stay.
No word of reproach for me she had, but with a look, instead,
She closed her eyes, so tired, so sad; my wife was with the dead.

"After this I tried to reform my ways because of the little lad
Who, leaving his pranks and merry plays, had grown so quiet and sad.
He missed his mother, and grieved for her tho' her name he would seldom speak;
I could tell it by the undried tear which at night lay on his cheek.

"I tried to reform, but failed utterly, and I ne'er can forget his eyes—
His mother's own! how they followed me, full of wonder and surprise.
He started whenever I spoke his name, and shrank from my lightest touch;
He feared me, oh, cruel, bitter shame! the child I had loved so much!

"When Christmas came I could plainly see there was something he wished to say,
As with trembling hand he clung to me that night when I started away.
'Papa,' he faltered, 'please stay at home! Don't let them make you drink!
For that's why Santa Claus did not come last Christmas Eve, I think.

" 'He didn't come 'cause he was afraid, mamma said, when I asked her why;
And papa, dear, I've just prayed and prayed that this time he won't pass by.
I don't want books or a single toy, but I've asked him, don't you know,
To bring mamma back to her little boy, for, oh, I want her so!"

"Somehow his words almost drove me wild; and flinging aside his arm,
Without a word to the trembling child, I plunged into the storm.
It was snowing fast, and a bleak wind blew; but I hurried on and on—
On to a place which of old I knew, where I drank till regret was gone.

"'Twas late when at last I staggered home—late, late, and the night was cold!
Was it strange that a feeling of ill should come, that the room was silent and cold?
Sobered I stood in the grip of fear, and yet I doubted my sight;
But the house was empty, no child was there; he was out alone in the night!

"My God! How I searched and called his name, how the bleak wind hurled the snow!
How I thought sometimes that an answer came, and the night passed, black and slow!
How I wildly cursed the evil bowl, and in sorrow and bitter pain,
I vowed from the depth of my wretched soul to touch it never again!

"God pity me! for my little child had wandered away from home
In the storm that was raging fierce and wild because Santa Claus did not come;
And had gone to wait beside the road, thinking surely he would appear,
And when morning broke thro' the ghostly wood, I found him lying there.

"He was white as the drifted snow beneath, his hair was like frosted gold;
His eyes were sealed with the kiss of death, and his lips were pale and cold.
He was smiling gently as there he lay on the snow bed, soft and deep;
His hands were folded as if to say, 'Now I lay me down to sleep.'

"And asleep was he, for that holy night the angels had made his bed;
His face reflected the wondrous light which their presence around them shed.
And tho' my heart broke I was glad, because God had heard his cry,
And I sent his mother, so Santa Claus this time should not pass him by."

The Old Doorstep.

I stand on the doorstep at eventide now,
The wind whispers by with a moan;
The fields will be whit'ning, but I will be gone,
To roam o'er the wide world alone.
I stood on the doorstep when schooltime was o'er,
And longed for the days to go by;
And now they have gone and I stand here tonight
To bid this dear stepstone good-bye.

CHORUS.

Good-bye to this stepstone,
Good-bye to my home,
God bless those I leave with a sigh;
I'll cherish dear memories when I am away,
Good-bye, dear old stepstone, good-bye.

It's hard to be parted from those that we love,
When reverses in fortune have come,
And the strongest of heartstrings are broken in twain
By the absence of loved ones at home.
But I'll bid this poor heart cease repining in vain,
And hushed be each deep, heaving sigh;
Tho' the pain it will cost me none ever can know,
To bid this dear stepstone good-bye.

There are many temptations with which I may meet,
And sad, mournful scenes every day;
And the faces at home, oh! I never shall greet,
Their forms shall be so far away.
But I'll think of the dear old stepstone at the door,
And oft drop a tear from my eye;
I will stand in my dream as I stand here tonight,
To bid this dear stepstone good-bye.

POEMS WANTED.

The old song, Fuller and Warren, is asked for. These are some of its lines:

Ye sons of Columbia, your attention I crave,
While a sorrowful story I'll tell.

The following old songs are inquired for: We met, 'twas in a crowd; And I Thought He Would Show Me; Thou, Thou knowest That I Love Thee.

The verses to Elizabeth Jane are wanted, also Lady Hildegarde, and the Jamestown Flood.

We have a request for the song, Lost on the Lady Elgin. The second verse contains these lines:

Staunch was the novel vessel, borne on the evening breeze.

A LITTLE CHAT.

Poems received during the past week are: The Home Over There, Dear Little Valey; Red River Valley; Just Tell Them That You Saw Me; The Soldier's Burial; Faded Flowers; Papa's Picture in the Locket; Little Bessie; A Soldier's Poor Little Boy; Wine and Cider in the Cellar; Flowers in the Wildwood; The Children's Hour; The Lady Elgin; Rock Me to Sleep; Young Roger the Miller; The Child's Wish; The Dying Californian, and In That Beautiful Valley.

The editor does not wish to publish on the Household page verses about murders, suicides, sickness, criminals or any such mentally unhealthy themes. In the list barred out are The Lonesome Dove, Jim Fisk, Jesse James, The Old Elm Tree, The Apprentice Boy, In Jersey City, and all others of a like character. There is neither mental nor moral improvement in such writings, and the endeavor of this page is to stand for the good and helpful. When verses of the class mentioned are asked for, it is because the editor does not know from their names or the lines sent as clues, what kind of stories they tell.

Several have written impatient letters because their requests for poems, or poems sent in, have not been published. We are doing the best we can, as fast as we can, and do not intend to neglect anyone, so please have patience.

Dotha Brooks.—The Gypsy's Warning will be published as soon as we can get to it.

How Old Is Santa Claus?

How old? Let's see, I used to know—almost to a day. I reckon about a thousan' years, more or less. I first heerd o' him when I was 'bout three years old—that makes him at least sixty-nine years old. You heerd of 'im when you was three, an' you're six now. That's three years more, so atween us two he's seventy-two years at least. Your brother heerd o' him when he was three, an' he's ten now. So there's seven years more. It's kind o' hard to calcalate, offhand. You see, you got to 'low fer th' difference in time, as th' feller said. Fer instance, when it's ten o'clock out in Chiny, it's yistiddy or tomorrow here. All them things has got to be took into consideration when you figger out hold old Santy is. I reckon I'm safe in sayin' he's puty well past middle age, anyhow, ef the truth be known. But the funny part is he's got a heart like a little child, jest as young an' happy as a chipmonk. He's more fun'n a box o' monkeys. He's allus dressed in red clothes with a little red cap all trimmed with white wool. I reckon this wool was gathered by children friends o' his'n. Woolgatherers. Hi'jiminy, that's funny. I never thought o' that before.

Well, as I was sayin' old Santy is a pretty busy man, in season an' out. You might think that President Roosevelt was busy, but he hain't a patch alongside o' Santy. Why, I reckon he had to keep tab on nearly a hundred million thousand children, from one end of Chris'endom to the other. An' he has to take presents to all of them. Now f'r instance, sposin' there was five hundred million thousand childern, an' sposin' each one of 'em lived a mile apart, there you have five hundred thousand million miles, all to be covered in one night. That's a right smart chore, I tell you what—a pretty big ja'nt, when you figger delays an' sech. So he appints assistants—deppity Santys, so to speak, two or three to ev'ry fam'ly. These here deppity Santys do all th' work an' give Santy all th' credit, so's to cause no ill feelin'. These deppities keep track of all th' different childern. Ever' time a little tad wishes f'r anything, one o' these deppity Santys makes a memorandum of it an' goes out an' gets it. F'r instance, ef a little kid, one o' these little Storkites, mumbles sumthin' or other, th' lady deppity Santy translates it to mean "doll," or somethin' o' that sort. Sometimes a little kid sez he wants a pony, or a train o' cars, an' if the house is very small, th' lady deppity has't' translate it to mean "rubber ball" or some little jimcrack o' that sort.

You c'n see these deppity Santys down town ever' day in December, hustlin' around like a chicken with its head off, totin' bundles an' spendin' money to beat th' Old Harry. Fer ma's a deppity Santy. So's yer pa. I used t' be, but I hain't been workin' much o' late years. Reckon I hain't spry enough t' tackle them big stores an' the crowds o' folks.

Oh, yes, the tovs. Well, Old Santy has a wonderful workshop, leastwise, they say he has. I read it in a picture book. Well, anyway they say this here shop is quite wonderful—has three doors, one for Santy to go in, an' one for him to come out so's to avoid runnin' into himself, and one t' keep burglars out. Kina funny arrangement, ain't it? He's got a hired man t' make th' toys. This party makes all th' toys an' hangs 'em out on the Ar'tic Circle to dry, an' along comes Mr. Northwind an' dries 'em. When they are ready fer delivery, Santy hists 'em on his back and goes kitin' away in his sleigh to fill up these stockin's I was speakin' of. Lots o' little detectives set up an' try to ketch him when he comes along, but none of 'em ever succeed. He's too sharp for 'em. You see he sends along Old Mr. Sand Man, who puts 'em all to sleep jest afore he comes, so he never gets ketched. Sometimes he can't get into a house on account of the Wolf. Lots of little houses have wolves at the door—not t' keep people away, but wolves that want t' get inside t' eat up ev'rybody inside. Sometimes Santy gets scared away by a wolf, an' th' little stockin's inside don't get anything in 'em.

Well, land's sake, four o'clock! Who'd a thought it was so late? Run along now, child, an'—don't tell your ma what I've been tellin' you. Get her to tell you about th' little Christmas Boy that lived a long time ago. That's a beautiful story fer you to hear, lots nicer'n th' Santy story. You get her t' tell it to you.—John T. McCutcheon, in Appleton's Magazine.

12 YEARS OF MISERY.

Boy's Eczema Pronounced Incurable—Used Two Sets Cuticura Remedies—Skin Now Smooth as Silk.

"Your wonderful Cuticura has put a stop to twelve years of misery I passed with my son. As an infant I noticed on his body a red spot and treated same with different remedies for about five years, but when the spot began to get larger I put him under the care of doctors. Under their treatment the disease spread to four different parts of his body. One doctor told me that my son's eczema was incurable, and gave it up for a bad job. One evening I decided to give Cuticura a trial. When I had used the first box of Cuticura Ointment there was a great improvement, and by the time I had used the second set of Cuticura Remedies my child was cured. His skin is now as fine and smooth as silk. Michael Steinman, 7 Sumner Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., April 16, 1905."

"DRY" COLUMN GROWING

Temperance Movement in Massachusetts Shows Gain.

Boston Goes Republican in Closest and Hardest Fought Election in Years.

Boston, Mass., Dec. 11.—The swinging of Worcester, the second largest city in the state, into the no-license column, for the first time in sixteen years, a similar change of attitude by the voters in Lynn, after eleven years of liquor selling, and in Woburn, substantial gains to the temperance sentiment in many other places, but a complete turn in the other direction on the part of Chelsea voters, were the most surprising of the general features in the municipal elections held in eighteen cities of the state, exclusive of Boston, yesterday.

The choice in Salem of the well-known radical reformer, John F. Hurley, to fill the mayor's chair, which he occupied in 1901 and 1902; the success in Malden of George Howard Fall, a Boston university instructor, after four annual defeats; the sweeping victory of James Logan, Republican, over Democratic Mayor Duggan in Worcester, and the re-election of Mayor Walter C. Hardwell, of Cambridge, by a close margin, were some of the most conspicuous results of the several mayoralty contests.

Small Temperance Loss.

As against yesterday's gain in Worcester, Lynn and Woburn and that of Haverhill last week, the temperance workers have only the loss of Chelsea in yesterday's balloting and of Fitchburg last week. The changes in Lynn, Haverhill and Worcester are regarded by the temperance advocates as the greatest victories in this state since the local option law has been in effect. The movement is generally believed to be due in part to the influence of prohibition sentiment which has been expressed recently in other states, though local campaigns of unusual strength against liquor selling have been the immediate causes of the revolution.

In addition to the cities named, there are several places where the opposition to license was materially increased.

Comment on the result of the elections held yesterday was devoted mainly today to expressions of surprise at the increased strength shown by the supporters of no license. The total "yes" vote cast in the 19 cities yesterday was 96,608, a loss of 2,299 from the vote of the same cities a year ago. The total "no" vote cast in the 19 cities yesterday was 92,323, a gain of 5,071 over a year ago. The figures show a total no license gain in the 19 cities of 17,370. The "no" vote of the city of Boston, to the surprise of many, showed an increase of 9,000. Including the 14 Massachusetts cities which had previously held elections this year, the result shows a total "yes" vote of 135,720, and a total "no" vote of 130,858. Compared with last year, the "yes" vote has decreased 425 in the 32 cities and the "no" vote has gained 19,374, making a total gain of 19,799 in the anti-license showing in the 32 cities.

BOSTON ELECTION CLOSE.

"The Hub" Goes Republican by 2,000—Liquor Vote Reduced.

Boston, Dec. 11.—In the closest and hardest-fought election contest which Boston has known for many years, the city went Republican yesterday by about 2,000 votes, Postmaster George A. Hibbard, Republican, defeating Mayor John F. Fitzgerald, Democratic, who was a candidate for re-election. The revised returns show the following vote cast for the mayoralty candidates:

John A. Coulthurst, Independence League, 16,871; Fitzgerald, Democrat, 36,664; Hibbard, Republican, 38,067.

The city voted to license the sale of liquor by a large majority, somewhat smaller than in previous years, however, due to a hard campaign on the part of the clergy and others in an endeavor to keep the saloons out of the suburbs.

Two features contributed notably to the return of a Republican mayor after six years of Democratic administration, one being the heavy vote given the Independence League candidate by Democrats, and the other the thorough investigation made by a finance commission into the affairs at city hall, in which evidence has been brought forth, alleging irregularities in the purchasing department and in the granting of contracts' through which was claimed the city had lost hundreds of thousands of dollars.

BOOT-LEGGING REDUCED

Liquor Traffic Among Indians Greatly Diminished.

Thirteen Deaths Result From Efforts to Stop Sale in Indian Territory.

Washington, Dec. 12.—Commissioner of Indian Affairs Leupp, in his annual report, says that his hope that the sale of intoxicating liquors to Indians would be greatly diminished by the employment of special officers out of the fund appropriated for the suppression of the liquor traffic has been realized beyond all expectation. During the eleven months of service of special officer Johnson in Indian Territory, he and his deputies have made 491 arrests in whiskey cases that have resulted in grand jury indictments, though in a considerable number of instances the indictment was procured first and the arrest followed.

The report adds: "Owing to the fact that nearly all the gamblers in the Indian Territory also traffic in whiskey or are active abetters of whiskey peddling, Mr. Johnson has had occasion to make war upon these people and his raids have resulted in the conviction of 52 gamblers and the desrtuction of 49 gambling houses and the collection of nearly $15,000 in fines. The value of the gambling paraphernalia captured has been estimated at $12,000.

"Two of Mr. Johnson's men and one posseman have been killed in skirmishes with 'boot-leggers,' and 10 violators of the liquor laws have met a like fate. Mr. Johnson has had several narrow escapes himself, and during a good part of the time has worked in the face of a reward of $3,000 offered by the outlaws for his assassination."

SENTENCES ARE COMMUTED

Lives of Americans Saved by Mexican Governor.

Monterey, Mex., Dec. 13—Word reached here last night from Chihuahua, Mexico, that acting Governor Sanchez has commuted the death sentence of Dr. C. S. Harle, William Mitchell and C. T. Richardson to twenty years in the penitentiary.

MILLIONS SENT HOME

Rich Man's Panic Has No Effect on Poor.

Italians Send More Money Home Than Any Others Class of Foreigners.

New York, Dec. 11.—While the rich men of the country are being pinched by the present financial stringency, and are sacrificing gilt-edged securities to obtain ready money, figures seem to indicate clearly that the poorer classes have not suffered accordingly. Particularly do the Christmas figures bear out the fact that it is a "rich man's panic."

More than $7,000,000 was sent by foreign-born persons in New York city during the past month, to their kindred abroad, and the Christmas rush at the New York postoffice money order window is just beginning.

During the month of November, the amount of foreign money orders certified to at the general postoffice in this city alone, amounted to $6,631,837.09, against $5,490,123.76 for the month of November last year. This vast fortune is now enriching the peasantry of nearly every land under the sun, and scattering Christmas presents everywhere.

Means Extra Work.

Extra facilities will be put in at the money order department to accommodate the throngs of foreigners who are daily clamoring for the strips of paper which carry gladness and comfort from America to the poor of their families left at home. Superintendent Elliott, who for thirty years has been in charge of the money order branch of the New York postoffice, said yesterday:

"We are just beginning our rush season in this business, but the figures for the transactions of the last few days show incontestably these two important facts:

"First, that the great exodus of aliens back to their native lands which has taxed the steamship lines recently, does not mean at all that the foreigners in this country are leaving because of any panic or hard times.

"Second, the immigration into this country next spring will be greater than ever, since much of this money sent away is for the purpose of bringing over members of families who were too poor to come when the senders of the money orders came."

For the last week of November this year, $234,721.51 went to Great Britain in money orders from the general postoffice in New York City, averaging about $5 each. Mr. Elliott thinks that this money is nearly all in the nature of Christmas presents from chambermaids and servants generally who came to New York from Great Britain. Last year the amount for the last week of November was only $200,000.

Italy Leads All Others.

Italy led all foreign countries for the week ending November 30, as usual, the total this year being $600,962.71, against $471,837.67 for the same week in 1906.

More money went to Hungary that week than to Germany, the money orders showing $155,770.31 to Hungary and only $72,100.68 to Germany.

Other figures for the last week of November, this year and last, are as follows: To Austria (1907), $188,536.88; (1906), $171,701.29; to France (1907), $25,627.72; (1906), $22,389.49; to Germany (1907), $72,100.68; (1906), $70,122.99; to Switzerland (1907), $13,869.94; (1906), $13,244.45.

The peasantry of Sweden were enriched this year by $121,486.65, which went out of the New York postoffice during the week ending November 30, and is a decided increase over the sum sent by Swedes in this country to their homefolks last year for the corresponding week.

FATAL LABOR TROUBLE

Results From Importation of Italian Workmen.

Chathamville, La., Dec. 16.—One fatality has occurred and more trouble is likely to occur as the result of the importation of Italian labor in Winn parish. Several days ago a lumber company brought a force of Italian laborers to their logging camp, near here, and local residents Saturday night resented this move by forming a mob and sending a committee to wait upon the superintendent.

It was agreed that the officers of the lumber company should meet the committee and hear objection to the importation of Italians, but before this committee could report the result of their visit the mob fired on the Italians, killing one of them and wounding the others. The parish officers have taken the matter in hand. Intense excitement prevails.

FLORIDA REPUBLICANS

Pledge Delegates in Favor of Roosevelt's Policies.

Jacksonville, Fla., Dec. 11.—The Florida Republican state central committee met here yesterday and decided to hold the convention in St. Augustine not later than February 15, for the purpose of electing delegates to the Republican national convention to be held in Chicago June 16.

The committee also adopted resolutions strongly endorsing the Roosevelt administration and pledging the party to send delegates from Florida to vote for a candidates who stands for a continuance of these policies.

TAFT SECURES QUARTERS IN CHICAGO

Rooms Also Reserved for Ohio and Indiana Delegations to Convention and Fairbanks.

Chicago, Dec. 13.—Contracts were closed at the Auditorium hotel yesterday for the quarters which the managers of Secretary Taft's candidacy campaign are to occupy during the Republican convention in June, 1908. Rooms were also reserved for the Ohio, the New York and the Indiana delegations, and for the managers of Vice President Fairbanks' interests.

C. S. Watts, of Columbus, O., acted for Arthur I. Vorys, Secretary Taft's campaign manager, and selected the suite in the Auditorium Annex from which Mark Hanna directed two conventions for William McKinley. The Young Men's Blaine club, of Cincinnati; the Tippecanoe club, of Cleveland, and the Young Men's Republican club, of Columbus, will occupy adjoining apartments.

J. P. Goodrich, of Indianapolis, signed the contracts for the Indiana quarters from which the vice president's campaign will be directed. The Indiana delegation and several political organizations of the state will be accommodated on the same floor.

The New York delegation will occupy the rooms that they had in 1904, the south parlors of the Auditorium proper. Arrangements to this effect were completed by Lafayette Gleason, of New York, who has been here for a week. Reports that he was acting for Governor Hughes were denied by Mr. Gleason.

ALL CREW BUT ONE LOST

American Schooner Thos. W. Lawson Wrecked in Gale.

British Gunboat Speedwell Goes Down and Eight Men Are Drowned.

Hugh Town, Scilly Islands, Dec. 14.—The American seven-masted schooner Thomas W. Lawson, was wrecked in Broad Sound, Scilly Islands, during a fierce gale last night, and so far as known of her crew, only one man survived. He is George Allen, of London. The number of drowned is 18.

The schooner turned turtle, and is now floating bottom up. Three bodies have been found off Annet Island, an uninhabited islet of the Scilly group. The sole survivor, who has been landed at St. Agnes by the St. Agnes life boat, is only partly conscious.

Heard Distress Signals.

Signals of distress were heard at the Bishop Rock lighthouse at 4 o'clock yesterday afternoon. Two lifeboats at once put out and found the Thomas W. Lawson anchored in a dangerous position just north of Gunner's Rock. Great seas were running and the lifeboats, although they stood by for several hours, were unable to render assistance.

At the request of the captain of the Lawson, the St. Mary's lifeboat, the masts of which had been broken off in attempting to rescue the crew of the schooner, put back with the purpose of telegraphing for a tug to come to the assistance of the Lawson. The St. Agnes lifeboat was left standing by. A little later, however, this lifeboat had to leave, as one of its crew was dying of exposure, while the others were almost completely exhausted. At about 10 minutes before three this morning, the lookouts at the St. Agnes and Bishop's Rock lighthouses and the coast guards missed the lights of the Lawson at the same time, and when a lifeboat returned to the scene, oil floating on the waves indicated the disaster. A few minutes later the lifeboat crew found the Lawson, bottom up.

Picked Up Survivor.

Searching in the vicinity the St. Agnes lifeboat picked up the solitary survivor, and found three bodies off Annet Island.

The survivor and the dead were brought back to St. Agnes. The gale is still blowing fiercely and the seas are running high. A doctor from St. Mary's has gone out in a lifeboat to render assistance to other possible survivors.

Among the drowned is W. C. Hicks, a Scilly pilot, who managed to scramble on board the Lawson during one of the attempts of the St. Agnes lifeboats to help the ill-fated ship.

The Scilly Islands are off the southwest coast of England. They consist of about 140 islets and rocks, of the former of which only five are inhabited. Hugh Town, on St. Mary's, is the capital of the group. Population of the islands is about 2,500.

CHINA GETS A WARNING

Russia Desires Japanese-Chinese Telegraph Convention.

Pekin, Dec. 16.—The Russian government has warned the Chinese government that unless Japan and China, within a reasonable time, come to an agreement similar to that embraced by the Russo-Chinese telegraph convention signed last October, Russia will present its notification that this convention terminates with the year.

The studied indifference of the representatives of the powers to Manchuria shows the operation of the inter-alliances between Great Britain, Russia, France and Japan.

The refusal of Great Britain, Germany and France to interest themselves in China's Manchurian difficulties has turned the attention of America in that direction, as instanced by the speech of Secretary Taft at Shanghai recently when he strongly reavowed the adherence of America to the "open door" policy and asserted that China would have the sympathy and support of America in every movement for her reform and uplifting.

BISHOP COLEMAN FOUND DEAD IN BED

Prominent Episcopal Divine Passes Away After But Week's Illness.

Wilmington, Del., Dec. 14.—Leighton Coleman, Episcopal bishop of Delaware, was found dead in bed this morning, at his home in this city. He had been ill for a week with a hard cold, which developed into kidney trouble.

DEFENDS CORTELYOU

Former Federal Attorney Upholds Action During Flurry.

Declares Country Owes Debt to Much Maligned Financiers of the Metropolis.

New York, Dec. 12.—A defense of Secretary Cortelyou's action in coming to the assistance of New York banks during the financial crisis, by ex-Assistant United States Attorney General James M. Beck, was the feature at the twenty-ninth annual dinner of the Southern society of New York, last night. Mr. Beck responded to the toast, "The United of the Republic." After emphasizing the thoroughness with which the states had been reunited, he said: "The sectionalism of today no longer has Mason and Dixon's line as its line of demarkation. The present line is the boundary of the Bronx, and there has been, between New York on the one hand, and the west and south, a recrudescence of the spirit of sectionalism. It may be conceded that New York's vision has too often been limited by its own boundaries, but it is equally true that there has been for at least a decade a spirit of unreasoning hostility to the city of New York and to its interests. We know that the brave battle to maintain the credit of the country which has been fought within this city, was a battle not for New York alone, but for the entire country.

"We now know that the whole country owes an immeasurable debt to the much maligned financiers of New York, who threw themselves into the breach and staked their personal fortunes to stay the tide of disaster. We now know from the roll call of the national banks that it was the financial institutions of New York which depleted their reserves over $50,000,000, in order to send to other parts of the country for their relief a sum aggregating since the panic began, $100,000,000.

"Nevertheless, this spirit of sectionalism is manifested by the criticism that we already hear, that Secretary Cortelyou did the rest of the country a wrong in preventing a financial crash in New York by supplying its banks with new deposits. Complaint is even made that Secretary Cortelyou exceeded the letter of the law. Remembering the supreme crisis, which threatened this country a few weeks ago, and the heavy cannonading of the forces of panic, which threatened to overwhelm the very citadel of credit, we should at least withhold criticism from the act of Secretary Cortelyou in concentrating every force that he could command to stay the tide of disaster.

"All this but teaches us that an injury to New York is an injury to the west and south, and that an injury to the west and south is equally an injury to New York."

Dr. John A. Wyth, president of the society, presided. Illness prevented the attendance of President Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton university, who was to have been one of the principal speakers.

YOUTSEY ON THE STAND

Gives Details of Events Leading Up to Goebel Murder.

Georgetown, Ky., Dec. 11.—Henry E. Youtsey, who is under a life sentence for complicity in the assassination of William Goebel, went on the witness stand yesterday in the Caleb Powers trial. Youtsey testified that he talked with Dr. W. R. Johnson in the latter's office about the killing of Goebel and of the purchase by himself of smokeless cartridges in Cincinnati.

Youtsey told of the plot to kill Goebel. He gave a detailed account of events leading up to the tragedy, and told of the preparations he had made for the shooting. It was Youtsey who met James Howard, who is alleged to have done the shooting, upon arriving in Frankfort. Youtsey told of placing guns in Powers' office, of raising the window and drawing the curtain; of pointing out Goebel as he approached the capitol and of seeing Howard aim at Goebel. He left the room and heard the crack of the rifle as he was descending the stairs.

The witness connected Powers directly with the tragedy by stating that he fixed the door for the entrance of the assassin and approved of the plan. In his testimony he also gave very damaging testimony against former Governor Taylor, State Treasurer Day, Superintendent of Public Instruction W. J. Davison, W. H. H. Cullon and others connected with the state administration. The witness said that Taylor dictated a letter to him asking for Howard to come to Frankfort to "do the job," and he stated that he would give $1,500, a pardon and military escort to the mountains to the man who would kill Goebel.

POWERS ON THE STAND

Tells of His Connection With the "Mountain Army."

Georgetown, Ky., Dec. 16.—Caleb Powers, accused of complicity in the murder of William Goebel, took the stand today. The courthouse was packed. Many women were present. After detailing his early struggle for an education and his political aspirations ending in his nomination and election as secretary of state, Powers was asked to define his connection with bringing the various bodies of mountain men to Frankfort prior to the assassination of Goebel.

The witness frankly admitted his connection with the "mountain army," and said that there was no secrecy about it. He said the purpose of it was for a moral effect on the contest then pending at Frankfort, and there was no threat or intimation of violence and no instructions given the mountaineers as to any threatened trouble. Powers denied emphatically that he directed Golden or Noakes, as they testified, to get "mountain feudists" or fighting men, but said that instructions were given to get representative citizens, the best in their respective sections.

BIBLE DISPUTE WARM

Sellers of Volume Called Fraud Refuse to Take It Back.

Experts in This Country and the Old World Are Asked for Opinions.

BIBLES RARE FOR THEIR ASSOCIATIONS.

Mazarin Bible, the earliest book printed in movable metal type. It is without date, but takes its name from the Bibliotheque Mazarin, founded in Paris by Cardinal Mazarin in 1648. This is said to be the dearest book ever sold, a copy of it having brought $19,500 at Quaritch's, London, in 1884.

Bug Bible, 1561, so called from the word "Bugges" instead of "terror" in one of the psalms.

Place-makers Bible, 1561, from the error, "Blessed are the place-makers."

Treacle Bible, 1568, from "Is there no treacle in Gilead?"

Wicked Bible, 1631, from the omission of the negative in the seventh commandment, for which the printers were fined $15,000.

Vinegar Bible, 1717, from "The Parable of the Vinegar," instead of "the vineyard."

Murderers Bible, 1801, from the use of the word instead of "murmurers" in the Epistle of Jude.

Breeches Bible, 1588—the one in dispute—from the use of the word "breeches" instead of "aprons" in the fig leaf episode in Genesis.

New York, Dec. 13.—If Disraeli were alive today probably he would find the text for another chapter of his "Amenities of Literature" in what promises to become an historic international controversy over the authenticity of the Milton "Breeches" Bible. Following the declaration that the book is not that from which the daughter of the blind bard of "Paradise Lost" read to him in his declining days, and that the so-called autographs of himself and his third wife written therein are forgeries, the situation took an acute turn yesterday.

First definite action came when George H. Richmond, a dealer at Thirty-fourth street and Fifth avenue, who bought the volume for $1,225 at a sale by the Anderson Auction company last week, insisted upon returning it and having the sale canceled. He was met by representatives of the auction company with a flat refusal to accept it, but a partial compromise was effected by which the Bible was left in the custody of the company as depository, Mr. Richmond agreeing to take out a policy of insurance upon it, although no money for the purchase has yet exchanged hands.

Expert Called.

With the question of ownership thus hanging in the balance, prompt measures were taken to refute the charges made against the integrity of the work as one of the rare treasures of literature, as it had been characterized by high authorities, and communication was begun with professors of literature and connoisseurs in Europe who are familiar with the book for the purpose of obtaining their opinions. At the same time experts in this city were called to make an exhaustive examination of the book and the inscriptions in it, their findings to be contrasted with those of the foreign authorities and with the history of the volume from the earliest date obtainable.

Alfred J. Bowden, who is a buyer for Mr. Richmond, and who actually made the purchase when the book was disposed of on December 3 as part of the collection of William H. Buckler, of Baltimore, secretary of the American legation in Madrid, called at the Anderson auction rooms in West Twenty-ninth street yesterday afternoon with the quaint old Bible tucked under his arm. He was accompanied by Mr. Richmond and they went to the office of Major Emory Turner, manager of the establishment. They had come, he said, to have the sale nullified and to return the book on the ground that it was not what the catalogue represented it to be.

Mr. Bowden then repeated his assertion that the autographs purporting to be those of Milton and his third wife, Elizabeth, dated respectively 1654 and 1664, had been forged with tracing paper; that both were written with the same ink, despite the difference of ten years in the dates, and that both this ink and some of the leaves in the book, upon which less important signatures were inscribed, were of modern manufacture. Mr. Bowden added that in view of these circumstances Mr. Richmond desired to avail himself of the customary privilege of returning the volume within a certain period after the sale, because it had not proven satisfactory.

Thinks It Genuine.

Major Turner did not care to have his callers point out these alleged imperfections, remarking that he was thoroughly convinced of the genuineness of the work as a Milton relic in his own judgment, and with the corroborative opinion of such authorities as Dr. William Aldis Wright, vice master of Trinity college, Cambridge, who is an expert on seventeenth century literature, the London Athenaeum and other persons and periodicals abroad of almost equal eminence.

11,000 SHEEP FOLLOW LEADERS TO DEATH.

Seattle, Wash., Dec. 14.—News came today from Entiat, Wash., that 11,000 sheep were recently drowned in Mad river. The sheep were driving from the Cascade mountains to the Entiat valley to winter. While the flock was going down a mountain side, the leaders slipped on the sleet-covered ground and rolled over a precipice into the Mad river below. The rest of the flock plunged into the river, despite the efforts of the shepherds to restrain the frightened sheep.

SAY YOUTSEY IS SLAYER

Powers Names Him as the Real Murderer of Goeble.

Georgetown, Ky., Dec. 13.—In his opening statement to the jury in behalf of Caleb Powers, on trial for the killing of Governor Goebel, Attorney Sims, of the defense, yesterday asserted that proof would be offered as to who fired the shot that caused the death of Senator Goebel. Continuing, he said:

"Our line of defense is that the mountain armies were not taken to Frankfort to kill Goebel or anyone else and that the assassination of Goebel did not result from that meeting; that no harm came to Senator Goebel from the mountain men, but Henry Youtsey fired the shot and that Howard was not in the office of the secretary of state in the morning of the tragedy."

In this statement was fulfilled the recent promise of Powers that he would at the proper time announce the name and prove who killed Senator Goebel. The defense will build its whole line of testimony on the idea that Youtsey himself committed the crime without the knowledge or consent of Powers and others who are alleged to be closely connected with the tragedy. Powers' counsel accused Youtsey of having made false accusations against his best friends.

The commonwealth closed its case yesterday.

OVER MILLION IMMIGRANTS IN 1907

Thousands of Japs Surreptitiously Gained Admission, Says Commissioner General Sargent.

Washington, Dec. 16.—Immigration to America during the year ended June 30, 1907, was vastly greater than in any previous year of the history of the United States. This fact, with all its interesting and important details, is placed in strong light in the annual report of Frank P. Sargent, commissioner general of immigration and naturalization, which was made public yesterday. Of this great flood of immigrants, Commissioner Sargent says:

"An army of 1,285,349 souls, they have come, drawn hither by the free institutions and marvelous prosperity of our country—the chances here afforded every honest toiler to gain a livelihood by the sweat of his brow or the exercise of his intelligence—surpassing in numbers the record of all preceding years."

Interest naturally attaches to the proportionately large immigration from Japan. While the exclusion laws have rendered practically nil the immigration from China, the immigration from Japan, although relatively not great, has trebled in the past year. This increase is significant, too, because it comes in the face of regulations adopted by the American government, with the assent of Japan, which, it was supposed, would curtail the immigration of Japanese to this country very materially.

Commissioner Sargent presents excerpts from official reports made to his bureau by inspectors sent to Mexico and Canada to study the situation with special reference to the coming of Japanese to America through these countries. The report shows that thousands of Japanese landed in Mexico during the past year and ultimately gained admission, surreptitiously, into this country. Once in the United States, it was impossible to locate them, except in the rarest instances. While the regulations concerning Japanese immigration have tended to reduce the number of regularly admitted immigrants, hundreds, it not thousands of Japanese still are coming into the country by stealth.

GREAT LAKES DISASTERS

Season Just Closed Has Been Costly for Underwriters.

Losses by Fire Heavier Than Any Previous Season—Cyprus the Mystery.

Chicago, Dec. 16.—During the season of navigation on the lakes just closed thirty-eight vessels, with a tonnage of 27,010, passed out of existence. With the exception of one steamer all the boats lost were freighters. The aggregate loss in value was $1,662,000. This does not, of course, include the very large sums which were paid out by the underwriters for partial losses. This latter item doubtless exceeds the sum of the total losses.

The season was particularly marked by the large number of disastrous collisions in the narrow channels connecting Lake Huron and Lake Erie. Underwriters began to fear that all the premiums of the business would be wiped out, with no margin to meet the losses which might be expected during the fall storms. With many companies, it is said, this did occur, and it was only the fact that the fall passed over without any great storms to scatter wrecks on many a lee shore, that the underwriters have not faced the most disastrous season since marine insurance began on the lakes.

The cry is now long and loud among underwriters for complete supervision by the government of navigation between Lake Erie and Lake Huron. It is alleged that since the government assumed supervision of the passage between Lake Huron and Lake Superior there has not been a single disastrous collision. Before that time that narrow and crooked channel was the danger spot of the lakes.

Next to collisions, the greatest losses of the season were due to fire. As a rule the marine companies did not suffer so heavily from this cause as from collisions, as most of the fire risks were carried by fire companies. Old-time boats developed a peculiar weakness for burning up and the total losses by fire exceeded those of any previous season. In point of property loss the burning of the passenger steamer, City of Cleveland, at Detroit early in the spring, was the most disastrous of any in the lake history.

There were 447 casualties of all kinds reported in the Marine Insurance Bulletin during the season. Last year the number of casualties reported was 534, and in 1905 the number was 740. The Detroit and St. Clair rivers lead with 129 accidents. Lake Erie comes next with 89, Lake Michigan 73, Lake Superior 56, Lake Huron 36, St. Mary's river 34, and Lake Ontario 30. Divided by causes, the accidents were: Aground in harbors and channels, 113; stranded, 68; disabled and leaking, 101; collisions, 98; foundered, 19; fire, 26.

The mystery of the year was the loss of the steamer Cyprus, which foundered on Lake Superior in the fall. This boat was but a fortnight out of the shipyard and was supposed to be thoroughly stanch and seaworthy. Without warning the ship turned on her side and went to the bottom. There was but a single survivor.

It is unlikely that there will be any marked change in marine insurance rates next season. With the coming of the immense fleet of big steel carriers, marine insurance has reached such a volume on the lakes that all of the old-time rules no longer hold. Wooden vessels, once a disturbing element, have ceased to be a factor. With no more wooden ships being built and the shipyards turning out carriers of from 6,000 to 13,000 tons, the class of ships that did the business of the lakes a score of years ago is no longer a serious item in marine insurance or in commerce.

DOCTORS SAVE FIREMEN

Score of Physicians Imperil Lives at New York Fire.

New York, Dec. 14.—The novel sight of a score of physicians imperiling their lives to rescue firemen from a burning building was presented in East Eighteenth street last night, when one of the six buildings of the Huyler Candy manufactory was filled with deadly gases generated in some way by a fire which started among a pile of paper boxes. Fifteen fire fighters were overcome, and of these three are in a critical condition. One, Vernon McKenna, it was said, can hardly recover. The damage by fire was comparatively small.

The fire broke out on the tenth floor and the first firemen to reach the spot dropped senseless. The building quickly filled with smoke, and at first it was believed that the firemen had been suffocated by smoke. This theory was upset upon the arrival of a corps of emergency hospital physicians who recognized the presence of an obnoxious gas. The firemen succumbed so rapidly that their mates could not remove all, and then the physicians took hold, half carrying, half dragging the senseless men from the building.

Several of the doctors were themselves overcome, and, in turn, were rescued by others. When the fire started fifty employes were in the building, but it is thought that all escaped.

Several priests also braved the gas and smoke and administered the last rites to firemen who appeared to be dying. The fire was controlled by streams thrown from adjoining buildings.

TAXIMETER CABS POPULAR

As Result Charge for Horse Cabs Is to Be Cut.

New York, Dec. 14.—The amazing popularity of the newly introduced taximeter motor cabs in New York is causing distress to the owners of the old fashioned cabs. It has been practically decided to cut in half the charges for horse cabs and it is said that most of the owners will attach taximeters to the vehicles. Many of the independent cab owners, men who own their own cabs, are reported to be negotiating with manufacturers for motor cabs to take the place of the hansoms.

CIVIC BODY IN SESSION

Hundred Prominent Men and Women in Attendance.

Currency Question Will Never Down Until Founded on Correct Principles, He Declares

New York, Dec. 16.—The eighth annual meeting of the National Civic Federation was called to order today at the Park Avenue hotel, with more than one hundred men and women, prominent in various walks of life, in attendance.

A telegram was received from August Belmont, president of the federation, saying he would be unable to be present at the opening session, but would arrive later. In his absence, First Vice President Samuel Gompers called the meeting to order, and called upon James Speyer, the banker, to preside at the session, first having announced that the subject of today's meeting was "Protecting People's Savings."

Mr. Speyer, the first speaker, favored an elastic currency based on the gold standard.

Carnegie Speaks.

Mr. Speyer then introduced Andrew Carnegie, who said in part:

"No system of currency will enable us to escape seasons of depression, failures and losses. Prosperity is bound to stretch the lines beyond breaking point, and still times are needed to restore them; and just in proportion as the percentage of the total of legitimate business grows smaller to that of speculation and gambling upon margins, financial disasters will increase in number and severity. Let us, therefore, dismiss all panaceas for panics such as we have just experienced and which were due several years ago, but delayed by an unequaled succession of food crops and strong demands for our crops abroad.

"The point that demands attention is that our banking system is unlike that of other countries. I agree thoroughly with those, however, who believe that the present is no time to urge the complete change we need. The currency question will never down until it is founded upon correct principles. If there be anything established, it is that it should be based upon the assets, viz., trade bills, which expand and contract as business does, the reserve being in gold. But this does not seem to be the proper time to urge so great a change as this implies. Our first effort should be to get legislation turned from the wrong to the right path by introducing to some extent asset currency. No central bank is necessary to effect a cure—but only the cushion, elasticity, which the President recommends."

Prepared Resolution.

Mr. Carnegie deviated from his speech to say he favored the passage of a resolution by the federation voicing its sentiment on the matter of "currency regulation," and had prepared such a resolution, but having learned that James Seligman, would later on offer such a resolution, refrained from making his resolution.

STANDARD CASE CLOSED

So Far as Judge Landis' Court Is Concerned.

Chicago, Dec. 14.—At a conference yesterday between Judge Landis, of the United States court, and attorneys concerned in the case against the Standard Oil company, in which that corporation was fined $29,240,000, Attorney John S Miller made the announcement that three commodity tariff books of the Chicago & Alton railway were mysteriously missing.

The books were offered in evidence at the trial by the Standard Oil company to show that there were in existence many other tariffs in Illinois similar to the one for the acceptance of which the Standard Oil company was prosecuted.

Attorney Miller declared that he had called on the railroad officers to produce the books since the trial, and that they informed him the books could not be found. The books were excluded by Judge Landis at the trial, and it is said that the defendant will use this fact in arguing for a reversal in the United States circuit court of appeals.

At the conference yesterday the text of a bill of exceptions was agreed upon, and it was presented for signature to Judge Landis today. The signing of the bill completes the history of the case in the lower court.

TO DISCREDIT ORCHARD

Darrow Tries Three Hours, but Fails.

Boise, Idaho, Dec. 14.—Clarence Darrow, who is conducting the defense of George A. Pettibone, had Harry Orchard, the state's chief witness, on the rack for three hours yesterday, endeavoring to discredit his testimony. The coss-examination brought out Orchard's misdeeds as in the trial of Haywood. Twice only did Darrow try to confuse Orchard in regard to his testimony, and each time failed. Reading from the testimony of the Haywood trial, Darrow endeavored to make it appear that the witness had changed his statements, but Orchard forced the questioner to read more of his previous testimony, showing that his statement had been the same at both trials. Darrow announced that he would conclude his cross-examination today. Attorney Hawley said that the state would finish its case by next Thursday. Witnesses for the defense were subpoenaed to appear next Friday.

CELEBRATES POET'S BIRTH

New England Notables to Take Part in Services.

Amesbury, Mass., Dec. 16.—The one hundredth anniversary of the birth of John Geenleaf Whittier will be observed Tuesday with fitting commemorative services and will be attended by many notables from all parts of New England.

As the home of the Quaker poet for 56 of the 85 years of his life, Amesbury lays claim to the right to lead in the celebration of the centenary of his birth, notwithstanding he was born in the nearby city of Haverhill. A proper observance of the day will, however, be made in Haverhill and in Danvers, Mass., and Center Harbor, N. H., where the poet lived part of the time.

CLOSING PLAN SPREADING

New York Experiences Another Indigo-Hued Sabbath.

Omaha and Kansas City Buck the Law and Arrests May Follow.

New York, Dec. 16.—An enforcement of the Sunday closing law and the elements combined yesterday to provide a Sunday as "blue" as the strictest Sabbatarian might wish. The amusement promoters generally kept their places closed, while an overcast sky, a damp chill in the air and bad walking shut in thousands who, in lieu of other entertainment, gladly would have found recreation in the parks. The restaurants were, as before, benefited by the changed conditions.

The theatrical men made no attempt to test the law and will await relief in the form of a more liberal Sunday ordinance, which they expect the board of aldermen to pass next Tuesday.

A few places of exhibition, dancing academies and roller skating rinks, which had been fortified by injunctions which forbade police interference, did business as usual, and an occasional arrest for Sunday desecration was made, but these cases were the exception.

The police claimed to have kept the saloons also closed. A criticism of last Sunday's theatre closing was that the saloons thereby attracted an increased business and that the police were not particularly active in suppressing this form of Sunday law violation. Many excise arrests were made in Manhattan and in Brooklyn.

Situation in Kansas City.

Kansas City, Mo., Dec. 16.—Only two theatres, the Willis-Wood and the Majestic, respected the Sunday closing order of Judge William H. Wallace yesterday.

All the other theatres and amusement places were open and deputy marshals again secured the names of all alleged violators of the law. Judge Wallace yesterday delivered an address from a pulpit in which he scored the police commissioners for refusing to instruct the police to co-operate with him in the Sunday closing movement.

Omaha Refused to Obey.

Omaha, Neb., Dec. 16.—Merchants yesterday generally refused to obey the Sunday closing order, issued some time ago, to take effect after December 10. Perhaps a thousand persons laid themselves liable to fines by refusing to close theatres, newspaper offices, barber shops, cigar stores, billiard halls, bowling alleys and other places that usually remain open on Sunday.

All Omaha theatres were open for matinees and night performances, as usual.

Lid On in Troy.

Troy, N. Y., Dec. 16.—All theatres and places of amusement in Troy were closed yesterday for the first time, in observance of the Sunday law to that effect.

Saloons Were Closed.

Council Bluffs, Iowa, Dec. 16.—Saloons were closed yesterday for the first time in many years.

New Orleans' Innovation.

New Orleans, Dec. 16.—To procure an alcoholic drink in New Orleans yesterday identification of some sort was generally necessary. Those who could produce satisfactory proof as to intentions, were admitted to saloons, many of which were otherwise securely locked. Some saloons closed entirely, and for the first time in several years New Orleans saloons took some notice of the Sabbath.

Yesterday's observance was caused by an order of Police Inspector Whittaker to arrest owners whenever violations occurred. The effect of the order generally stopped carousing and induced sobriety among the negroes.

DECRIES POPULAR IDEAS

The Most Danger, Says Former Governor Black.

Concord, N. H., Dec. 13.—Frank S. Black, former governor of New York, in a lengthy address here last night before the New Hampshire State Bar association, said that certain ideas most popular now are most dangerous, and he asked his hearers, in this connection, not for one moment to let their eyes wander from the man speaking from the "head of the bar."

"It is he," said the governor, "who, in all ages, has planted thorns to prick the feet of government; it is he who has started fires that have burned into cinders the accumulations of generations. It is he who has raised discontent to the grade of an occupation and encouraged hate to take the place of charity and good will. It is he who has magnified the people's hardships till they seem tenfold harder than they were and decried their blessings till they seemed like cheap and unsubstantial things."

The clamor, continued Governor Black, is for the limitation of fortunes, forgetting that that also means the limitation of industry; for the curtailment of the power of the courts, forgetting that that means death to the freedom of the individual; for the equality of men by arbitrary rule, forgetting that this means to clog the industrious and help the lazy.

"Am I wrong," Governor Black said, "when I say that the constitution seems less regarded as a guide and a shield, and more in the nature of a hindrance?"

$1,000,000 IN CAN DEAL

United Can Company of San Francisco Is Abs

ENDS THIRD TERM TALK

President Declares He Will Not Accept Nomination.

Bryan Will Win in a Walk, Declare Democrats—Some of the Opinions Expressed.

Washington, Dec. 12.—President Roosevelt will not be a candidate for a third term. All doubt on this point was last night dispelled by the authoritative statement from the white house that Mr. Roosevelt still adheres to the declaration of renunciation made on the night of the election three years ago. In the statement issued last night President Roosevelt says he has not changed and shall not change the decision communicated to the American people in 1904.

It appears that the President had been awaiting the call for the Republican national convention to afford the proper opportunity for making his position clear and unmistakable, thus leaving the field clear for Fairbanks, Taft, Cannon, Knox, Foraker and other declared or receptive candidates for the Republican nomination.

The President's statement follows:

The Statement.

"On the night after election I made the following announcement:

"I am deeply sensible of the honor done me by the American people in thus expressing their confidence in what I have done and have tried to do. I appreciate to the full the solemn responsibility this confidence imposes upon me, and I shall do all that lies in my power not to forfeit it. On the fourth of March next I shall have served three and a-half years, and this three and a-half years constitute my first term. The wise custom which limits the President to two terms regards the substance and not the form, and under no circumstance will I be a candidate for or accept another nomination. I have not changed, and shall not change the decision thus announced."

Eliminates Roosevelt

The announcement that the President would not accept the Republican nomination if tendered, came at too late an hour to become generally known in political circles, but among those who learned of it, Democrats and Republicans alike, the feeling was general that it left no element of doubt in the presidential situation, so far as relates to the third term talk, and that it definitely eliminates Mr. Roosevelt from the contest now being waged. Some Democrats, however, express a belief that a Roosevelt stampede in the Republican convention would shake his resolution, and that he would prove no exception to the historic precedent that no American citizen ever refused a presidential nomination.

Administration Republicans declare that the announcement gives a great impetus to the Taft boom, while the Democrats, many of the leaders of which party are here to attend the meeting of their national committee, are shouting that it means "Bryan in a walk."

Some of the Views

Speaker Cannon, when shown the President's statement, said: "The President speaks for himself. It would be useless and inappropriate for me to attempt to interpret the President's words."

Senator Foraker said: "That has been his position all the while, I suppose, but I don't care to discuss the matter, thank you."

Senator Dick, Ohio; said "Nothing else was to be expected."

Among the Democrats who commented on the President's statement was Senator Tillman, who said:

"This is by the way of documentary evidence that the President has seen the handwriting on the wall. It means that Bryan will be the next president. Roosevelt is the only possible Republican candidate who could be considered formidable."

Mr. John Sharp Williams, leader of the minority in the house, said:

"I believe I am one of the few Democrats in public life in the country who has been saying all along that the President would not run for a third term. I believe he had too much knowledge of history to run the risk of threatening Republican institutions with perpetuity of tenure of the presidency. I also thought he was a man of so much pride that even if he had come to regret his after-election utterance he would still stand to his word. I think the third term issue would have made Mr. Roosevelt the weakest man the Republican party could have nominated, notwithstanding the fact that he is personally the most popular Republican in the country today."

Taggart's Opinion.

Chairman Taggart, of the national Democratic committee:

"I think the public made a mistake in compelling Roosevelt to speak twice before he could make himself believed. It shows that he is the kind of a man I thought he was. I think most persons took him at his word the first time and he is simply showing what a great many persons know—that he is an honest man and a man of his word."

No Surprise, Says Bryan.

Lincoln, Neb., Dec. 12.—When told that President Roosevelt had made positive declaration that he would not be a candidate for re-election, W. J. Bryan expressed no surprise. He declared that the position of the President was as he had thought it to be. Mr. Bryan said:

"I have assumed from the beginning that President Roosevelt would not be a candidate. The statement that he issued the night of election left no room for misunderstanding; and I have felt that his friends were doing him an injustice in suggesting that he would change his position on the subject."

Thinks It Will be Hughes.

New York, Dec. 12.—The official announcement from the White House that President Roosevelt would adhere to his earlier determination not to accept a renomination, was received with interest, but hardly with surprise by party leaders here. The President generally had been taken at his word, and those in whose political judgment more confidence is felt, had anticipated the statement.

While it was pointed out that the argument that the President might, by sheer force of circumstances, be compelled to accept a third term nomination against his will, is as potent as ever, the concensus of opinion that Mr. Roosevelt's clearcut and decisive language has taken him out of the situation. The suggestion that Mr. Roosevelt could consistently accept a "second elective" term is disposed of, it was thought, by the President's own words.

It is generally agreed that the elimination of Mr. Roosevelt's name brings that of Governor Hughes as New York's candidate, sharply to the front.

Democrats Interested.

Washington, Dec. 12.—Members of the Democratic national committee who were in this city were among the most interested of the readers of the announcement made in this morning's papers that President Roosevelt had reiterated his determination not to accept another nomination for the presidency, and while most of them were reserved in their comment, it was evident from their manner that they saw in it a favorable omen for their own party. Several of them were frank enough to express the opinion that President Roosevelt could poll a larger Democratic vote than any other candidate, and their inference was that with the President absolutely out of the race the Democratic candidate would not only retain the vote of his own party but would stand a better show of making inroads upon the opposition.

JAIL FOR THE MAGNATES

Senator Davis Tells His Plans to Suppress Corporations.

Thinks the President Is Allowed Too Much for His Living Expenses.

Washington, Dec. 11—Jefferson Davis, a new senator from Arkansas, who admits he is an alarmist, the latest recruit in the "trust buster" ranks, today delivered a speech on his bill to wipe out the trusts.

Senator Davis began by declaring that it was not his purpose to retain his seat in the senate until his hair shall have grown gray before taking up his work actively in that body. He proposed to present quickly, fearlessly and as intelligently as he might some of the living, burning questions before the American people. It was for that reason he had determined to speak upon his bill to suppress trusts, pools, combinations and conspiracies.

"I want to say," he continued, "that if this bill is enacted into a law and faithfully and honestly executed, trusts will be wiped from the face of the earth and no longer will we feel their grinding and destroying grip on the arteries of trade and commerce."

Should Forfeit Charter.

A domestic corporation found fixing the price of any article would, by his bill, he said, have its charter forfeited and a foreign corporation guilty of such an act would not be allowed to do business in the United States.

Congress should not hesitate in its work of destroying the trusts because of any fear of unsettling business, he continued. He spoke of the Sherman anti-trust law.

"Has it proven effectual?" he asked. "Has it destroyed a single trust? Under its operation have they not grown strong, defiant and arrogant? Almost for 17 years the Sherman anti-trust law has been upon our statute books, more than four times as long as it took the north to wear out the south upon the bloody fields of battle. Nearly seven years of Mr. Roosevelt's strenuous term has passed with all the machinery of the government at his back, with the great power of the chief executive in his hands, yet I will ask some Republican senator upon this floor to tell me one trust that he has even tamed, much less destroyed.

"This is an age when men have gone mad in their frenzied efforts for the dollar. This is an age when money is placed above man; when gold is placed before God. When we would sell our souls, our government, our all for one bright smile from the god of mammon. What is money, Mr. President, that it is held so priceless? You cannot eat it, you cannot wear it. your shroud has no pocket in it, and St. Peter will not receive it for admission into the golden gates."

He recalled Mr. Havemeyer's statement before the industrial commission that the tariff is the mother of trusts.

"Under the operation of this system of government," he said, "fifty-one men in the United States, multi-millionaires, if you please, have amassed a total fortune of $3,295,000,000. Of this fifty-one, John D. Rockefeller, the oil king of the world, leads with $600,000,000, and Andrew Carnegie, the steel king of the world, follows with half this amount."

"What an alarming concentration of wealth; what alarming concentration of power," he declared.

"In this day and time money is king; money is God. Without it the doors of opportunity are closed, the doors of society are shut. Yea, even in some instances the doors of the church do not welcome so enthusiastically the man in rags and tatters as the man with millions. How shall this condition be changed? How shall this government be saved? One way and one way only; that is, to kill, destroy, annihilate the source of all this evil—the trusts."

"What is needed today by the trust magnates of this union in order to make them respect the law or obey its solemn mandates," he said, "is that they be treated like ordinary felons, that the strong arm of the law be laid against them just as it would be against a horse thief or anyone else charged with crime. Land them in the penitentiary; place felons' stripes, 'the doxology of a misspent life,' upon them, and you will see the trusts are busted and the people will get relief."

He declared that while he is an alarmist, he is not an anarchist or a socialist.

"There is too much gold," he declared, "there is too much glitter; there is too much gloss; there is too much of tinsel, and I say, sir, that unless times and conditions change, it will not be long before the American statesmen will be wearing knee breeches with buckles and powdered wigs and bowing down to semi-royalty."

Expense of Government.

He spoke of the great expenses of the government. "Your President," he said, "and I speak of him in the most respectful terms, besides his salary of $50,000 a year, and I say that is not excessive, is paid by this congress $25,000 a year for traveling expenses and approximately $113,000 annually for living expenses.

"Ah, Mr. President, this is enormous. This is unreasonable. The President of the United States has five children, I believe. It is true that he should live in accordance with the dignity of the position which he occupies—the greatest executive upon the face of the earth, but Mr. President, I have the President 'skinned a city block' in the matter of family. I have eight children, and it don't take $113,000 for my living expenses."

JAPAN WILL RETRENCH

To Decrease Expenses $200,000,000 in Six Years.

Tokio, Dec. 17.—The financial program already outlined in the Associated Press cables was formally settled at the meeting of the council of the Elder Statesmen yesterday. The program is one of retrenchment and involves a reduction in the expenses of the army and navy for the next six years whereby the government will save $200,000,000.

It also means the postponement of certain government undertakings. The curtailments in connection with the increases in the taxes on sugar, sake, oil and tobacco are calculated to wipe out the deficiency of the coming year. It is understood that the leaders of all parties have agreed upon the program, but members of the opposition, supported by some of the newspapers, are preparing for a vigorous fight against it in the diet.

EPSOM SALTS ANESTHETIC

Rockefeller Institute Will Make Announcement of Discovery.

New York, Dec. 16.—Announcement of the discovery of a new anesthetic will soon be made by the Rockefeller institue for medical research.

The new anesthetic is nothing else than plain, common epsom salts, or, to give it its scientific name, sulphate of magnesia. It was discovered by Dr. Samuel J. Meltzer, one of the Rockefeller experimenters. Its greatest value is that it permits any sort of an operation without danger to the heart of the patient.

Either local or general anesthesia, it is said, may be produced by the injection of a twenty per cent solution of the familar drug into the nerve tract governing the sensations of the part to be operated upon.

STOP SEARCH OF MINES

Total of 320 Bodies Recovered by the Rescuers.

Monongah, Dec. 13.—State Mine Inspector Paul, of West Virginia, is making a thorough examination of mines numbers 6 and 8 today. Until Mr. Paul concludes his investigation all other work at the mines has been suspended.

Explorations were stopped last night at which time a total of 320 bodies had been recovered.

The results of the house census taken by the company shows that 338 men are missing, which leaves 18 bodies still in the mine. With a few exceptions, it is believed by the officials that these figures constitute the actual number of miners killed. In addition, however, there are a number of contractors, and men hired by these contractors, believed to have been in the mines when the explosion occurred.

Mr. Paul's examination will probably be completed by night when a force of men will begin to clear away the debris in both mines caused by falls.

It will be several days before the exact death list will be known. Coroner E. S. Amos announced today that the inquest would begin Tuesday.

Many experts will give testimony and the investigation will probably last a week.

Coroner's Jury Verdict.

Bell Vernon, Pa., Dec. 13.—The coroner's jury, investigating the explosion at the Naomi mine of the United Coal company at Fayette City, Pa., which resulted in the death of thirty-four miners, was made known today.

It read as follows:

"We find that the men came to their deaths as a result of an explosion of gas and dust in the Naomi mine of the United Coal company. The gas seems to have accumulated from insufficient ventilation, and was, we believe, ignited from sparks of the electric wires or an open light, at some point not definitely located."

UNDERGOES OPERATION

Mrs. Longworth Under the Knife for Appendicitis.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 12.—Mrs. Alice Longworth, wife of Representative Nicholas Longworth and daughter of President Roosevelt, was operated upon for appendicitis shortly after 10 o'clock today. The operation, which was performed at the White House by Dr. Finney, of Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore, assisted by Dr. Sophie Nordhoff-Jung and Surgeon General Rixey, of the navy, was declared by Dr. Rixey to have been successful in every particular and to have left the patient in excellent condition.

President Roosevelt left his office, crowded with callers, to remain with his daughter during the ordeal. Representative Longworth also was in close call, as were the members of the Roosevelt family.

It was stated today that Mrs. Longworth had suffered from appendicitis some time ago, and had never fully recovered from its effects. Recently she had been ailing but had not been confined to her bed. The first attack was treated and relieved without the operation, but upon its recuprrence the present plan was considered to be the proper effectual remedy.

Upon the declaration of the physicians of the entirely satisfactory culmination of the operation and of the condition of the patient, great relief was expressed by the household. The President returned to his offices, and resumed his daily routine.

QUEEN'S BODY IN STATE

Funeral of Carola, Who Died Monday, Occurs Wednesday.

Dresden, Dec. 17.—The body of Dowager Queen Carola of Saxony, who died yesterday, is lying in state in the winter garden of the villa where the end came. It will be transferred to the Catholic court church in Dresden this evening and will there lie in state a second time until the funeral, which has been fixed for Wednesday evening.

The official Gazette announces that there be ten days of mourning.

Telegrams of condolence have been received by King Frederick August from nearly all the rulers of the world. Emperor William sent a long and sympathetic message in which he emphasized the high regard the German empress entertained for Queen Carola.

The Saxon parliament, after listening to the reading of an eulogy of the late queen, adjourned as a mark of respect.

FRENCH ARE VICTORIOUS

Repulse Algerian Tribesmen in Encounter Near Ain Sfa.

Lalla Maghnia, Algeria, Dec. 17.—The Beni Mangouch tribesmen and a body of French troops under the command of Lieut. Col. Felineau have had an encounter in the vicinity of Ain Sfa. The tribesmen were finally repressed. The French, who had 12 men wounded, including a lieutenant, are now bivouacked in the field.

The tribesmen made an attempt to ambush a detachment which constituted the advance guard of the column under Lieutenant Col. Felineau, which was marching towards Ain Sfa. The main body promptly moved up to support the advance and took possession of the hills overlooking Ain Sfa. From the hills, under cover of artillery fire, the French infantry drove the Moors from Ain Sfa and two other villages, which were then destroyed. The Moors, when they retreated, kept up a tenacious fire from the shelter of neighboring hills. They were repeatedly dislodged by the French mountain guns.

BABE'S CRIES SAVE EIGHT

But Its Father and Brother Are Asphyxiated.

Allentown, Pa., Dec. 13.—The cries of an infant saved the lives of eight persons here early today, but not before the baby's father and brother had been asphyxiated by coal gas. The dead are Nicholas Contravo, aged 36 years, and his son, Joseph, aged four years. Contravo, his wife and the two children slept in one room and six boarders occupied other parts of the house. The escaping coal gas wakened the baby, whose cries aroused one of the boarders. He broke down the door of the room occupied by the Cntravos and found the father and son dead. He then rescued the mother and baby and aroused the other boarders, who had also been overcome.

CHILD IMMIGRATES ALONE

Girl From Holland Comes to Michigan With Placard On.

Menominee, Mich. Dec. 14.—A girl seven years old caused considerable comment yesterday afternoon when she stepped off a passenger train here to change cars for her final destination, Norway, in Dickinson county.

The little girl, whose name is Anna Van Huick, is an orphan, and has traveled the distance from Amsterdam, Holland, to this country alone and unattended. On a large placard which the child wears around her neck the name, destination and former home of the child is written, also a request to assist her in reaching her relatives in America.

Her uncle, who lives in Norway, has signified his intention to care for the little one in the future.

TO CHANGE COIN STABS

Ohio Veteran Makes Request of Roosevelt.

Columbus, O., Dec. 14.—Colonel William H. Knauss, former national commander of the Union Veteran Legion, who is now engaged in donating a framed speech of Lincoln at Gettysburg to every school room in the state, made a vigorous protest to President Roosevelt last night because of the character of stars being used on American coins.

Colonel Knauss, who is a personal friend of the President, and enjoys his confidence, is glad of an opportunity to file his objections to the use of the six-pointed stars, when General George Washington, specifically prescribed that the stars on the flag and "wherever else used" should be five-pointed.

The discussion as to the omission of the motto from the new gold coins gives the colonel the opportunity he says he has long wanted. He firmly believes that he will be able to convince the President and Secretary Cortelyou that an immediate change should be ordered, since the President has demonstrated that he has power to order changes in the coinage.

Colonel Knauss supports the President in his contention that the time honored motto should be omitted.

SEVENTY-FIVE ENTOMBED

Another Mine Disaster Occurs at Yolande, Ala.

Birmingham, Ala., Dec. 16.—Seventy-five men are reported entombed in a mine explosion at Yolande, northeastern part of Tuskaloosa county.

The explosion took place at 10:25 and was below the second lead. Eight men crawled out of the mine.

Crowds of women and men quickly gathered around the mine entrance and were cheered by news that all the fans continued working. Rescue parties, it was announced, would go in at once. It was feared, however, that 50 to 75 men had lost their lives.

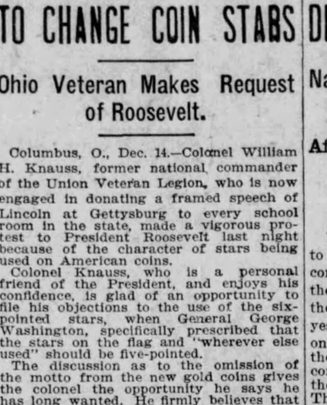
The Yolande mines are operated by the Yolande Coal & Coke company, of which Dr. G. B. Crowe was president. The mines are located 35 miles south of Birmingham.

A special relief train leaves here for Yolande at 1:30 o'clock to give assistance to the entombed miners.

GOODNOW'S DEATH SUDDEN

Suffered Stroke of Apoplexy and Died in 48 Hours.

Malaga, Spain, Dec. 13.—John Goodnow, the former American consul general at Shanghai, who died here last



U.S. CONSUL AT SHANGHAI
JOHN GOODNOW

week, came to Malaga accompanied by his wife, seeking restoration to health. He suffered a stroke of apoplexy and died in 48 hours.

EX-PREMIER IS EXILED

British Minister Takes Hand in Trouble in Persia.

Teheran, Persia, Dec. 17.—On the intervention of the British minister yesterday, Premier Nasir El Mulk and the minister of the interior, Sanin Ed Dowleh, who were arrested on the orders of the shah, have been liberated. The former premier started last night for Europe in exile.

It has been learned that the shah had prepared a coup d'etat. It was his intention to hold the ministers in prison, expel the constitutionalist leaders and dissolve parliament, but the plan failed.

After the arrest of the ministers, parliament went into session and demanded an explanation of the shah's action. Negotiations are now going on between the shah and parliament and it is believed an understanding will be reached. A new cabinet is in process of formation.

MORE OF CHICAGO "DRY"

One Square Mile of City Added to Prohibition Area.

Chicago, Dec. 17.—Chicago today has one more square mile of "dry" territory than it had yesterday.

Last night the square mile, almost one per cent of the entire city, was added to the prohibition area by the city council. No oratory marked the addition to the city's prohibition districts. Without comment other than that the district had been canvassed and that prohibition was the desire of its residents, the vote was ordered taken.

The result was that by 37 ayes to 27 nays, Chicago is one per cent drier than ever before.

KICKAPOOS DEFRAUDED.

Senate Committee Ready to Submit Its Report.

Washington, Dec. 16.—Senators Teller, Curtis and La Follette, composing a committee which was authorized to investigate the affairs of the Kickapoo Indians, will soon submit to the senate a report giving the names of several parties who are alleged to have dealt fraudulently with the Kickapoos, who emigrated to Mexico, and who disposed of their lands at Shawnee, Oklahoma.

The report mentions a clique, known as the "Chapman-Grimes-Conine people," and says that their conduct in securing the valuable lands owned by the Mexican Kickapoo Indians was "criminal and brutal in the extreme." It is recommended that a special attorney be appointed who shall act under the direction of the department of justice in entering suits to set aside all the deeds to Kickapoo lands.

BOOM HUGHES' CANDIDACY

Walton, N. Y., Dec. 17.—The Delaware County Hughes club was organized here last night by Republicans interested in the nomination of the governor for the presidency.

NAVAL HOSPITAL ON LAKE

Washington, Dec. 17.—A naval hospital is to be one of the features of the naval training station on the great lakes. Plans have been prepared for a structure to cost about $250,000.

DEMMIES GO TO DENVER

National Convention Will Be Held on July 7.

After Long Debate Committee Decides to Take It All—Bryan Is Pleased.

Washington, Dec. 13.—After deciding to hold the next Democratic national convention at Denver, Colo., and fixing the date of the meeting for July 7, 1908, the Democratic national committee late yesterday entered upon a spirited debate on the propriety of accepting more of the $100,000 offered by Denver for the convention than actually needed to pay the convention expenses in that city. The opposition to the acceptance of the contribution took the form of a resolution by Representative Clayton, of Alabama, declining money not actually needed for convention purposes, but after a long debate the resolution was laid on the table by a vote of 31 to 14.

Spoke in Favor.

Mr. Clayton, Representative John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi, and Governor Hoke Smith, of Georgia, all spoke in favor of the passage of the resolution. Mr. Smith was especially emphatic in saying that the $100,000 which had been offered to secure the Republican convention and refused by the Republican national committee had been offered to and about to be accepted by the Democratic committee. He said the Republicans had turned down the offer because it was regarded as in the nature of a bribe, and that Democrats, in view of that circumstance, could not afford to accept it. Mr. Williams spoke in similar vein, as also did Mr. Clayton. Mr. Taggart advocated the acceptance of the $100,000, saying it would be needed now, even worse than money was needed in 1904, and that at that time it would have been practically impossible to have opened headquarters for Judge Parker if they had not had the extra money secured from St. Louis, where the convention was held.

Senator Stone, of Missouri, made a long speech, in which he favored the acceptance of the money.

Mayor Tom Johnson, of Cleveland, advocated the acceptance of the money offered by Denver. He said money for campaign purposes is contributed by corporations with the view of securing advantages in legislation or otherwise, while the contribution of Denver could not be ascribed to such purpose. The people of Denver, he said, have a regular organization for the purpose of attracting conventions to that city for business reasons, and it was perfectly proper for the Democratic national committee to accept the offe.

Oppose Acceptance.

Senator Tillman opposed the acceptance of the money. "Let the local Democratic organization of Colorado," he said, "have the money to fight their next campaign. Guggenheim can be depended up to furnish the money for the Republicans. Now give the Democrats of Colorado a chance and let them use the money to return Senator Teller."

On the first ballot for the convention city, Denver received 22 votes as against 17 for Louisville, five for Chicago and one for St. Paul.

July 7th was selected as the date, after a very brief discussion. The committee held two sessions during the day and adjourned finally at 6 o'clock.

Denver Is Rejoicing.

Denver, Dec. 13.—Immediately after the receipt of the Associated Press flash announcing the selection of Denver as the city in which will be held the next Democratic convention, the public was apprised of the fact by the firing of bombs at the building of one of the newspapers.

There is general rejoicing over the news, and opinion is generally expressed that ample accommodations and entertainment will be provided for the delegates and other visitors who will be in this city during the session of the convention.

Bryan Satisfied.

Lincoln, Neb., Dec. 13.—William Jennings Bryan today expressed pleasure at the news of the choice of Denver for the Democratic convention.

"Personally, I had no choice," he said. "Any place between Boston and San Francisco would have been satisfactory to me. I would not want it to go to the Philippines or Porto Rico, but anywhere else is all right."

STORMS DELAY SEC. TAFT

His Steamer Encounters Rough Weather.

On Board Steamship President Grant, Monday Evening, by Wireless, via Cape Race, N. F., Dec. 17.—The President Grant, which has among its passengers Secretary of War William H. Taft, Mrs. Taft and their son, Charles, has encountered disagreeable weather which has retarded its progress and will probably make the steamer a day or two late in reaching New York. Since sailing on December 7, from Hamburg, where the secretary came aboard, the passage has been generally rough and the weather cold. We are due at New York on Thursday next, but are not likely to arrive in port before late Friday or Saturday morning.

The Taft party is well, with the exception of Charles, who has been ailing for several days, during which he has had some temperature. He is better and in no danger.

Secretary Taft was interested in the announcement from the White House in which President Roosevelt reiterated his determination not to accept a renomination next June. The news was received on board the steamer by wireless Thursday, but the secretary would make no comment upon it. He said that he had no information on the political situation at home.

Secretary Taft addressed a concert audience in the main saloon last night. The topic of his talk, which was informal, was "Russia and the Czar."

HUMMEL IS DYING IN CELL

New York Lawyer at Death's Door at Blackwell's.

New York, Dec. 16.—Abraham Hummel, the lawyer, who is serving a sentence in Blackwell's island penitentiary for conspiracy in connection with the Dodge-Morse divorce case, is near deat hfrom kidney affection, according to prison physicians. Dr. Matz says that Hummel's condition is such that he was likely to die at any moment. Hummel's sentence on Blackwell's island expires within a few weeks.

EXCITEMENT KILLS HUNTER

Found Dead at Side of Deer He Had Shot.

Tilton, N. H., Dec. 13.—The body of George Whitney, of Canterbury, was found in the woods near Northfield yesterday lying beside a deer which he had killed. Death probably resulted from heart failure brought on by excitement attending a long chase and shooting of the deer.

DEFEAT SULTAN'S TROOPS

Battle in Algeria Attended by Great Loss of Life.

Lalla Maghnia, Algeria, Dec. 14.—Advices received here are to the effect that the forces of the Moroccan rebel commander, Roghi, have defeated the troops of the sultan near Marchica. One hundred persons on both sides were killed, among them being several leaders. The Moroccan troops lost two cannon.

REQUIRED 4,000,000 TREES

Estimated Every Fourth Family Has a Christmas Tree.

Principal Centers of This Industry Lie in the Large Cities of the East.

Washington, Dec. 17.—Four million Christmas trees will be in use next Wednesday, according to the estimate of Gifford Pinchot, chief of the forestry bureau, President Roosevelt's woodchopping companion and a member of the Tennis Cabinet.

The chief forester has carefully considered the question of Christmas trees because at this season of the year he is deluged with appeals to prevent the "needless destruction of the nation's forests by the cutting of Christmas trees." Letters pour in by the basketful and many persons take the trouble to call in person and file their protests.

Mr. Pinchot is not one of those who believe that damage is done by taking an evergreen from the hillside for the purpose of entertaining the children. He has given this subject attention for ten years and finally reached this conclusion:

Cut All You Want.

"Trees are for use. There is no other use to which these trees could be put that would contribute so much to the happiness and good of mankind as their use for the children and family on Christmas day.

"So far as endangering the future life of our forests is concerned, the effect is infinitesimal compared to the destruction caused by forest fires and wasteful lumbering. It is estimated that 4,000,000 Christmas trees are used in this country each year, one in every fourth family. If planted four feet apart, these could be grown on less than 1,400 acres, a good size farm. You see, the amount is utterly insignificant when compared to the other great drains on the forests.

"Trees suitable for Christmas do not grow in the old forests, where reproduction is most important, but in the open. Even if serious denudation were threatened, the proper remedy would be not to stop using the trees, but to adopt wiser methods. There is no more reason for an outcry against using land to grow Christmas trees than to grow flowers."

It has been found by Mr. Pinchot that the cutting of Christmas trees is perfectly compatible with the welfare of the forest. This has been demonstrated in Germany, where the consumption of Christmas trees is greatest and where the most highly developed forest policy is pursued. There is scarcely a hut in Germany that has not a Christmas tree.

The most popular evergreens for Christmas are the firs, spruce, pines and cedars. The pines are in great demand when fir and spruce are not available.

New York Uses Many.

The chief center of the Christmas-tree industry lies in the large cities of the east. New York City and the New England states consume 1,500,000 trees, or nearly one-half of the total output. Maine, New Hampshire, the Berkshire Hills, in Massachusetts, the Adirondacks and Catskills, in New York, are the sources of supply for New York, Boston and Philadelphia. The swamps of Michigan furnish the markets of Chicago, St. Louis, Minneapolis and Detroit. In Illinois and Ohio nurserymen supply local demands with nursery-grown Norway spruce.

According to Chief Forester Pinchot, the sizes of Christmas trees vary all the way from 5 to 35 feet. The popular heights are from 7 to 10 feet. Prices range from 25 cents for the smallest tree in a dull market to $35 for the largest and most shapely trees in New York City.

There is said to be little profit in the Christmas tree business. The farmer gets a low price, while all the profits go to the middleman and retailer.

CABINET MEMBERS ILL

Secretaries Cortelyou and Metcalf Under Physicians' Care.

Washington, Dec. 17.—Secretary Cortelyou is confined to his bed with a severe attack of the grip. Under the advice of his physician, he will remain at home for at least a week. His attack last night was quite severe and his physician's orders are imperative. During his absence from the department, Assistant Secretary Edwards will be acting secretary.

Secretary of the Navy Metcalf is also detained at his home with an attack of the grip. When he returned from Norfolk today where he went with the president and party, he was compelled to take to his bed. The secretary was unable, according to the reports from Norfolk, to leave the cabin of the Mayflower to review the fleet, having been indisposed before he left Washington.

TO OUST THE TREASURER

Governor Warner Takes Action to Remove Glazier.

Lansing, Mich., Dec. 13.—Governor Warner formally notified State Attorney General Bird yesterday to draft charges against State Treasure Fank P. Glazier, of Chelsea, Michigan, looking to his removal from office. This action followed the governor's call upon Treasurer Glazier at his home yesterday and his demand for Glazier's resignation, which the treasurer refused. The charges against Mr. Glazier, upon which the governor will base the removal proceedings grow out of the closing of the Chelsea, Michigan, savings bank, December 2, by Banking Commissioner Zimmerman, as a result of Mr. Glazier's financial troubles. He is a heavy borrower from the bank, and also as state treasurer he had on deposit in the institution the day it was closed $685,587 of state funds. In his letter to Attorney General Bird today, Governor Warner says it is apparent that Mr. Glazier's official duty and private interests are in direct conflict and that this state of affairs ought not to be allowed to continue.

"I have concluded, therefore," he says, "to institute proceedings looking to his removal from office without unnecessary delay. I desire to have the necessary legal papers in my hands not later than Tuesday, December 17."

"LIE," SAYS CORTELYOU

Denies He Is to Resign From President's Cabinet.

Washington, Dec. 13.—In answer to inquiries as to the truth of the report which has gained some currency here, that Secretary Cortelyou is about to resign from the cabinet, the secretary's sole comment was, "that is another lie."

LA FOLLETTE GETS BUSY

Begins Fight to Turn Nebraska From Taft.

Lincoln, Neb., Dec. 13.—Friends of Senator La Follette today began the fight to secure for him the Nebraska delegation at the next Republican convention. They hope to turn the delegation from Secretary Taft, who secured an endorsement at the last Nebraska state convention.

THE MARKETS.

Weekly Trade Report.

New York, Dec. 14.—Bradstreet's says: Cross currents in trade, finance and industry prevent generalization, but financial conditions have shown further improvement. In financial affairs the country is making gradual approaches to the normal. Western banks are showing an increasing disposition to pay out currency, some inquiry for mercantile paper is noted on the part of the interior banks at leading western points and some money has begun to return to Chicago. Savings bank withdrawals are small where the embargo on drawing has been lifted. Premium on currency still persists at many cities, however, and this is variously assigned to window dressing by state banks awaiting calls as to condition and to the need, always felt at holiday seasons, for small bills.

Among the industries a feature is the continuance of better feeling in iron and steel, accompanied by some inquiry for near future wants.

Building has shown a heavy falling off and all materials are dull. Lumber is quiet and weak and there are reports of a quite general shut-down of mills in the south. A similar condition is reported in the northwest and logging operations this winter bid fair to be greatly restricted. Curtailment of output is quite general among the textile industries and many New England mills in other lines are restricting output. This is especially true in metal working, shoe manufacturing and other lines.

Business failures in the United States for the week ending December 12 number 284 against 272 last week, 220 in the like week of 1906; 226 in 1905; 239 in 1904 and 239 in 1903. Canadian failures for the week number 50 as against 26 last week and 31 this week a year ago. Wheat including flour exports from the United States and Canada for the week ended December 12 aggregate 6,185,573 bushels against 6,192,241 last week, 4,383,957 this week last year and 3,879,809 in 1901. In this 24 weeks of the fiscal year the exports are 102,860,-633 bushels against $7,969,670 in 1906-07 and 135,565,928 in 1901-02. Corn exports for the week are 475,824 bushels against 1,187,176 last week and 1,381,-774 in 1906. For the fiscal year to date the exports are 22,140,173 bushels against 20,844,517 in 1906-07.

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., Dec. 17.—Logan & Bryan and the Bartlett house sold wheat at the opening, producing a slight weakness. The market was held up by buying by brokers. Armour also switched over to the buying side. Liverpool was 3-5c higher, chiefly on reports of rain in Argentina. The Liverpool market weakened slightly before the close. Trade was now heavy. Broomhall reports the European visible supply decreased two million bushels. Cash and December opened ¼c lower at 99¼c. After losing ⅝c at $1.04⅛, May gained ⅛c before the middle of the session. July was ¼c lower at 98¾c.

When Armour began to take wheat at 12:32 p. m., the buying was started afresh. The market showed a substantial bulge in the later hours. Liverpool closed unchanged. Among the buyers were Clement and Curtiss and Harris and Lake. The Argentine surplus has been estimated at 130,000,000 bushels. Cash and December closed at $1.01⅝, May $1.06⅞, and July at $1.01¼.

There was not much trade in corn. The options opened practically unchanged and did not fluctuate within the first hour. The Chicago crowd bought while the country houses and the Bartlett people let loose their holdings. Liverpool was 3-10c off. December and July opened unchanged at 59½c and 59c respectively. May was off ¼c at 59¼c.

Corn gained, mainly from the strength of wheat and the demand for December. Liverpool closed 3-10c lower. Trade continued small. The closes in corn were: Cash and December 62c, May 61c, July 60c.

Oats was lower. Armour sold old May and the pit crowd bought. Unchanged at 54c, December lost ⅛c before 10 a. m. May was ⅛c off at 54¾c. July started out ¼c higher at 49¾c, but lost the amount gained within less than an hour.

Demand for oats in the east was reported poor. Bradstreet's world's available supply showed an increase. The finals: Cash and December 54c, May 57¾c, July 50¼c.

Clover seed was devoid of features, the options opening unchanged and remaining at the same positions during the early part of the day. Cash and December were quoted at $10.05 and March at $10.15.

May 65¾c, July 50¼c.

At the close cash and December were up 5c at $10.10 and March 5c up at $10.20.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Dec.17.	Close Dec.16
Wheat—					
Cash	99¼	....	....	1.01⅝	99½
Dec.	99¼	....	....	1.01⅝	99½
May	1.04½	....	....	1.06⅞	1.04⅞
July	98¾	....	....	1.01¼	99
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	62	59½
Dec.	59¾	61¾	....	62	59½
May	59¾	60½	59	61	59⅝
July	59	....	....	60	59
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	54	54
Dec	54	53½	....	54	54
May	54¾	....	....	55¾	55¼
July	49¾	....	....	49½	49½
Clover Seed—					
Cash	10.05	....	....	10.10	10.05
Dec	10.05	....	....	10.10	10.05
March	10.15	....	....	10.20	10.15
Rye—					
No. 1	....	....	....	82	81½
No. 2	....	....	....	81	80½
No. 3	....	....	....	77	75½
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	2.20	2.20
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	9.70	9.65

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
Dec.	95¾	....	....	98½	96
May	1.02½	....	1.02⅛	1.05¼	1.02⅜
July	96½	99¾	96⅜	99	97
Sept.	94¼	96¾	....	96⅜	94¼
Corn—					
Dec.	55¾	....	....	59¼	56¼
May	57⅜	....	57¼	59½	57⅝
July	56½	....	56⅜	58⅝	56¾
Oats—					
Dec.	49¾	....	....	50½	50½
May (old)	54	....	53¾	54¾	54½
May (new)	52	....	51⅞	53¼	52⅝
July (old)	48	....	47⅞	48¾	48
July (new)	45	....	....	46	45¼

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	1.06½	1.04¼
July	1.09⅜	....	1.09¼	1.12	1.09¾
Corn—					
May	70	....	....	71	70
July	66⅞	....	....	67⅛	66⅞

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
May	97	....	....	99¾	97¼
July	1.01⅞	1.03¾	....	1.04⅜	1.02⅛

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	1.05¾	1.04¼
July	....	....	....	1.11